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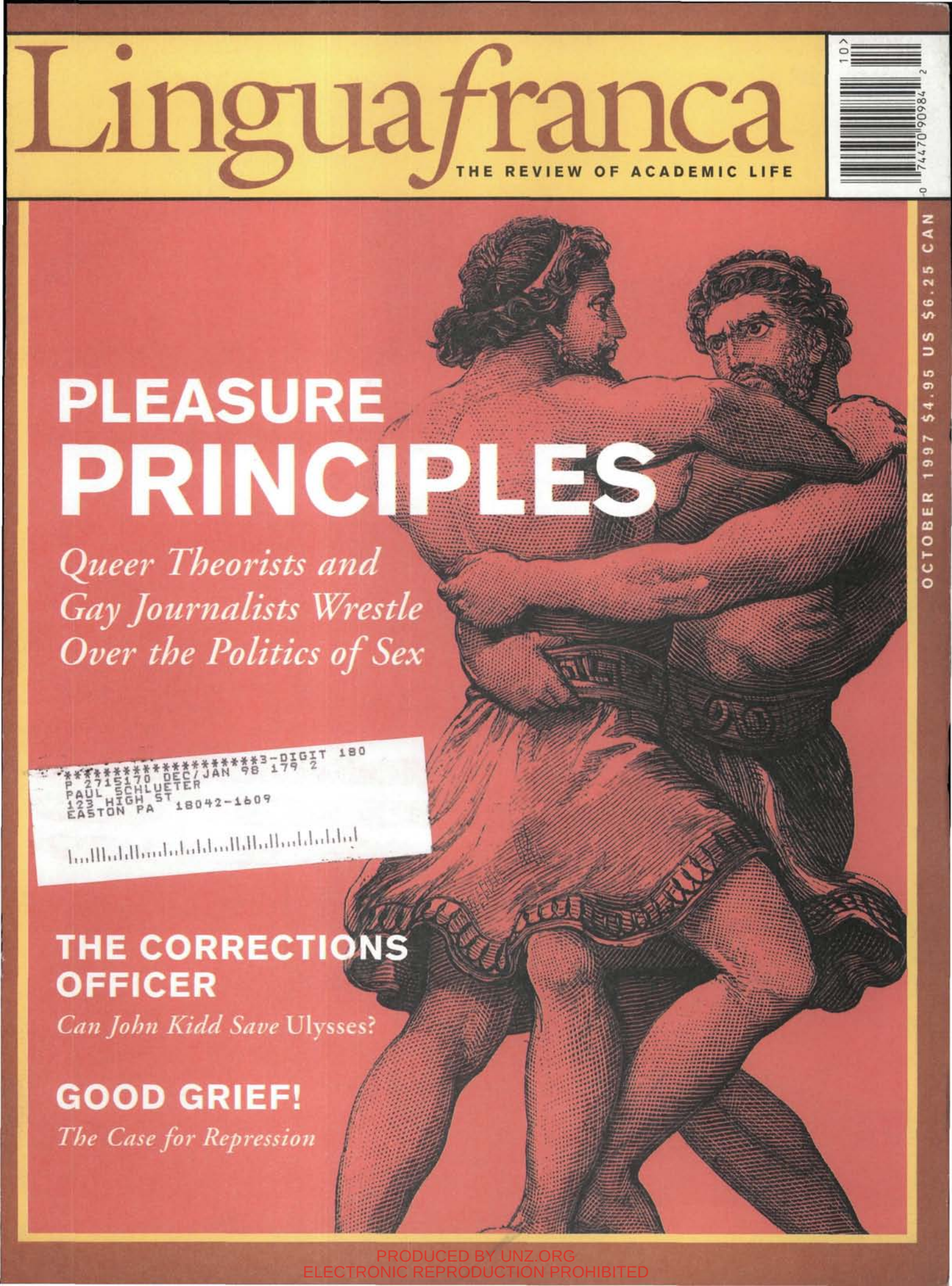

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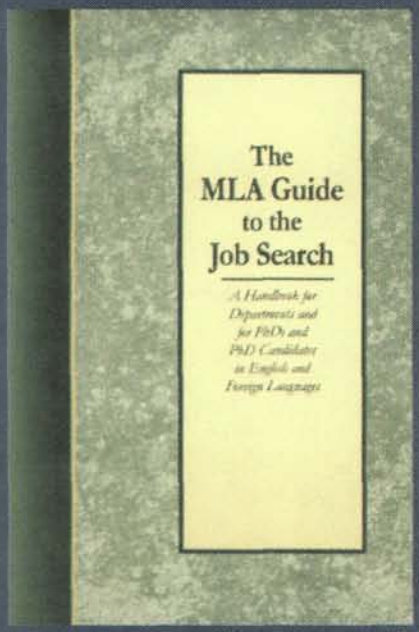

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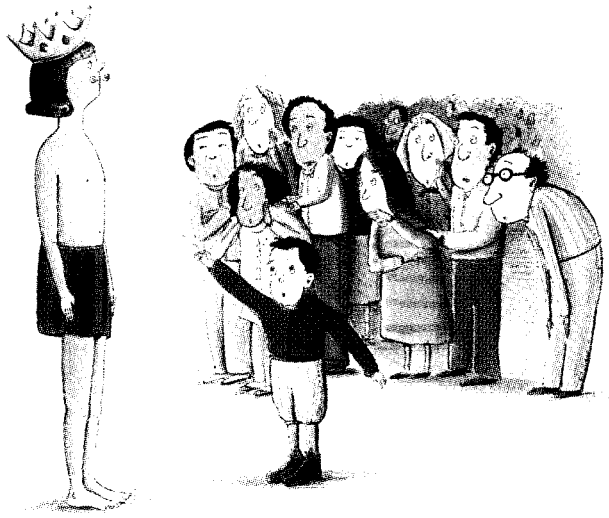

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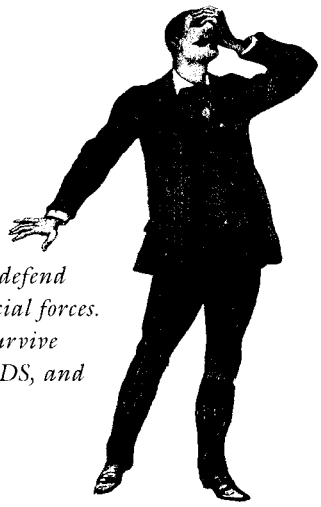

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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EXHIBIT A

Michael Schudson's critique of Donna Haraway ["Paper Tigers," *LF,* August] raises pertinent concerns regarding the nexus between history and cultural studies and demonstrates how neglect of the past can lead to interpretive bias and error. Especially relevant here is his reference to Franz Boas who, in more ways than Schudson recounts, stands in refutation of Haraway's argument.

Schudson correctly argues that the attack on scientific racism predated the 1940s and that Boas was instrumental in that crusade. The 1920s, however, is also too late a date to fix as the embarkation point for this assault. Boas began his work in this area in 1894, in "Human Faculty as Determined by Race," an address delivered before the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Arguing that race did not determine an individual's intelligence, Boas constructed a foundation for his later critiques by cautioning that scientists could not prejudge any individual's mental ability on the basis of skin color alone. This early attack paved the way for much of Boas's subsequent work on race theory which led to the transition in racial thought, in which "science" switched sides, becoming a weapon for egalitarianism and equal rights rather than a tool for racists. Boas's contribution led directly to Gunnar Myrdal's assessments in *The American Dilemma* and later to the Supreme Court's evaluation of social scientific research in its landmark *Brown v. the Board of Education* decision.

Boas is also useful in undermining the monolithic picture Haraway paints of the American Museum of Natural History. As curator of the Jesup Expedition there, Boas was frequently caught in a web of political factionalism that spilled over into arguments over methodologies of artifact display and other aspects of museum administration. Consistent in all these intellectual skirmishes was a tension between amateur scientists and the new class of professional anthropologists, of whom Boas was the leading light. These constant battles belie the notion that everyone employed at the museum shared a common vision of the purpose and outcome of displays. Moreover, they reveal that one of Haraway's major assumptions—namely that the administrators were most concerned with how the museum depicted the relation of man to nature—was actually a point of ideological contestation among museum directors, curators, and other officials.

MARSHALL HYATT, PH.D.
THE DALTON SCHOOL
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Schudson's critique is based on an inaccurate triumphalist history of Thirties liberalism. According to Schudson,

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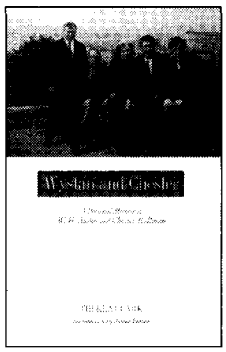
On Life and Work.



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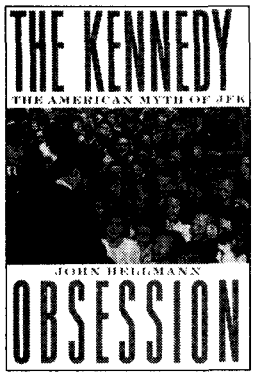

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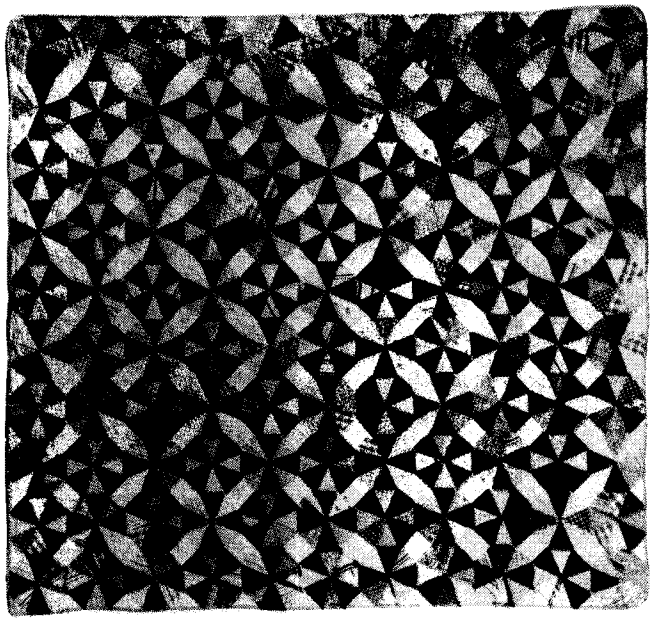
Field *Notes*

THAT'S ALL, FOLKS!

WHEN EXILED PRESIDENT Jean-Bertrand Aristide of Haiti came to speak at UCLA in 1992, Donald Cosentino, chairman of the folklore and mythology department, was asked to make the introduction. Before the event, the university's vice-chancellor told him, "We have a head of state here. Under no circumstances will I introduce you as the chair of folklore and mythology. I will introduce you as from the English department. Let's not embarrass ourselves."

If merely invoking the name of the field has such power to shame, it's no wonder folklorists themselves are suffering from a bad case of *Wissenschaftschmerz*—disciplinary inferiority complex. The presidential address at last year's meeting of the American Folklore Society (AFS) turned into a veritable jeremiad. "Over and over the field is being asked to both defend and define itself," lamented the president, Jane Beck, who is executive director of the Vermont Folklife Center. "Because of this, as academic departments are feeling the pressure of downsizing and retrenchment, folklore is the first to go." According to a 1996 AFS survey, only 20 percent of its members "always" identify themselves as folklorists in describing what they do—presumably because the term "folklore" connotes things like fiddles and quilts and sounds less like scholarship than an eccentric hobby.

Nowhere is the malaise felt more acutely than at the University of Pennsylvania. Since its founding in 1962, Penn's Department of Folklore and Folklife has been the discipline's bellwether, spreading Ph.D.s across the country. But three years ago, Penn announced a $9 million budget shortfall and decided to save money by phasing out departments that were perceived as marginal or unproductive. The administration has since abandoned such unpopular talk, but, as far as the folklorists are concerned, the writing is on the wall. Two of the department's five tenured professors, Margaret Mills and John Roberts, have just migrated to Ohio State University (where they will teach folklore under the aegis of the Near Eastern and English departments, respectively). Before Mills left, she asked Penn to match Ohio State's offer. The university declined. Students and faculty alike have been "told orally" by university officials that faculty who leave or retire won't be replaced. With Roger Abrahams, the senior member of the department, on the verge of retirement, folklore as an autonomous discipline at Penn may well be doomed.



That leaves Indiana University and UCLA, the only two other Ph.D.-granting folklore programs in the country. And the future of the UCLA program looks bleak. According to Cosentino, it will likely soon be folded into an omnibus department known as World Arts and Cultures.

One reason for folklore's endangered status is that it has never been completely clear—even to practitioners—what it actually is. Distilling the manifold definitions yields a description along these lines: Folklore is the study of vernacular cultures—that is, cultures that are local and oral. Among folklore's early trailblazers was Jacob Grimm of the brothers Grimm, whose mammoth four-volume *Teutonic Mythology*, studded with quotations in languages from Gothic to Lettish, is still taken seriously today. In nineteenth-century Europe, folklore bolstered the cause of romantic nationalism, as its philological researches became a propaganda tool for validating the blood-and-soil politics of the newfangled nation-state.

In this country, by contrast, folklore was always associated with grassroots fieldwork. "Folklore became the department of low culture when the universities were studying only high culture," says Barbara Kirshenblatt-Gimblett, an NYU performance studies professor and folklore Ph.D. At Harvard, for example, turn-of-the-century pioneers like Francis James Child and George Lyman Kittredge were especially interested in old English and Scottish ballads and their atavistic survival in places like Appalachia and the Ozarks. By the 1930s, American folklore began its ongoing association with the left, as activist archivists like Alan

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Lomax recorded the songs of country-blues singers and hillbillies. (Until a crippling stroke in 1995, the octogenarian Lomax was still working, compiling what he calls a "Global Jukebox"—an interactive sound and video database of the folkmusic and dance of over six hundred cultures worldwide.) In retrospect, the 1960s were folklore's glory days, when most of the current programs were launched, enrollments surged, and seminal works, such as Richard Dorson's *American Folklore,* were written.

If folklore is losing the Darwinian struggle for academic survival, the fault lies partly with folklorists themselves, who have never been particularly good at explaining themselves to outsiders. Four years ago, the journal *Western Folklore* devoted a special double issue to soul-searching and stocktaking, and in their introductory essay, Amy Shuman and Charles L. Briggs argued that folklore "is always already (in Derrida's terms) a politics of culture." The discipline, they wrote, can "contribute to the critique of modernism by rupturing the hold of high culture." This sounds heady—and familiar: After all, nearly every new field, from cultural studies to postcolonial studies, has adopted a similar mandate. And as the distinction between "authentic" folk culture and "artificial" pop culture grows more and more tenuous, folklore is losing ground to the upstarts. Trying to co-opt the political and theoretical stance of the Young Turks has all the earmarks of a last-ditch effort—one that may render the discipline more, not less, dispensable.

"Folklore is considered undertheorized, which in today's climate is a devastating charge."

Some folklorists freely admit that their work could be done within the context of other fields, such as anthropology or literature. ("I've quit going to AFS meetings," says Indiana University folklorist Richard Bauman. "My most important constituency is in linguistic anthropology.") But will all folklorists thrive in the climate of other disciplines? Alan Wolfe, a sociologist at Boston University, diagnoses a contempt for hard facts in folklore's competitors, including anthropology and cultural studies. "Specific knowledge is the low man on the totem pole these days," he says. "Folklore is considered undertheorized, which in today's climate is a devastating charge."

And then there is another, perhaps insurmountable quandary for folklore: what Kirshenblatt-Gimblett calls "the vanishing subject." Traditional close-knit communities, rural and urban alike, are under siege by the forces of social and geographical mobility, and such arcana as ballads and tall tales are being squeezed out of existence by aggressive entertainment media. The great collectors of the past performed an invaluable service, and just in the nick of time, but what's left for today's would-be collectors? Although University of Utah English professor Jan Harold Brunvand's popular books on urban legends are widely dismissed by folklorists as lightweight, similar inquiries into so-called Xerox-machine and corporate folklore are increasingly occupying the attention of scholars in search of fresh material.

Indeed, the main attraction of UCLA's program seems to be its receptivity to nontraditional subject matter. "UCLA is very open to looking at contemporary phenomena as true folklore," says Montana Miller, who will begin the program this fall. "How could they not? They're in the middle of Hollywood!" She plans to undertake an "ethnography of high-risk performance," focusing on such communities as stunt people, circus performers, and high divers.

All this may be more paradigm stretch than paradigm shift. "I don't see it as a strategy to save folklore from the flight into intellectual and institutional irrelevance," says Bauman. "When it comes to studying these modern forms of community, folklorists don't have any proprietary claims. I don't see any sense in calling any community in the United States an oral community."

JOHN DORFMAN

DENY ALL KNOWLEDGE

TO EVEN THE MOST SYMPAthetic observer, it sometimes seems that cultural studies means never having to admit you don't know what you're talking about. A case in point: *"Deny All Knowledge": Reading the X-Files* (Syracuse, 1996), a collection of essays assembled by David Lavery, Angela Hague, and Marla Cartwright—who teach English at Middle Tennessee State University.

The volume's introduction, signed by the three editors, lavishes particular attention on one notorious episode of Chris Carter's popular TV show—a self-parody, in which a sinister figure turns out to be none other than Alex Trebek, the host of the game show *Jeopardy.* This program, the editors note, "made some heavy demands on the viewer, the sort of demands seemingly designed for academics like ourselves, always on the lookout for television material difficult enough to present a true challenge to our ency-

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clopedic vocabulary of allusions and to our arsenal of critical methodologies (semiotic, psychoanalytical, narratological, reader/viewer-response, deconstructionist, etc.)."

In a footnote, the editors add that the episode's intertextual references "range from the esoteric (Alex Trebek) to the exoteric (the name of the third alien, who interrupts the gray aliens about to abduct Chrissy and Harold in the precredit sequence, is, we later learn, 'Lord Kimbote,' the name of an obscure character in Vladimir Nabokov's *Pale Fire* [1962]).

None of the three of us, all English professors, was able to make the latter identification, which we owe to an *X-Files* discussion group."

Formidable erudition indeed! The troika made haste to include *Pale Fire* in the book's ten-page bibliography—along with the requisite number of citations to the work of Judith Butler, Michel Foucault, and Jacques Lacan. For there is indeed a figure in the novel named "Kinbote." (Not, unfortunately, "Kimbote," but close enough for the encyclopedically allusive.) Indeed, Nabokov entrusts this "obscure character" with the responsibility of narrating the book.

Of course, it is the sheerest pedantry to expect that three English professors might, among them, manage to use the terms "esoteric" and "exoteric" correctly. After all, it's hard to read anything, even a dictionary, in the time it takes to fast-forward through commercials.

SCOTT McLEMEE

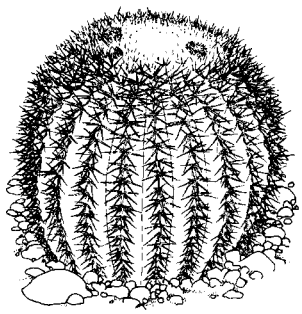
DESERT STORM

ONCE UPON A TIME, THE University of Arizona's leaders imagined a liberal arts college to complement their sprawling multiversities in Tucson and Tempe. Plans brimming with warm-and-fuzzy buzzwords projected an undergraduate Arcadia where students would pursue individual "learning contracts." Administrators—or "keepers of mission" in the argot of the planning documents—would execute innovative personnel policies scrupulously aimed at freeing faculty from the ossified, impersonal bureaucracy of big state schools. Upon graduation, students would leave the school with an understanding of the "basic business principles and practices of modern society."

To which cynics might respond: And how.

The Arizona International Campus opened for business in Tucson last fall with forty-eight students and five professors, many attracted to the school's palpable sense of mission and idealism. "It was the only school I applied to," says one AIC student. Another turned down offers from George Washington, Trinity, and Emory to help inaugurate the new school in the desert.

Nine months later, however, AIC was so mired in controversy—mostly over snafus in its "enlightened" personnel policies—that its future is now far from certain. "We were going to show the world something here," laments Arizona regent Judy Gignac. "Well, we haven't shown the world yet."



Of AIC's many planned innovations, the most radical was doing away with tenure. The idea proposed by the school's academic planning and advisory committee was to set up a system that would incorporate the best of both worlds: It would shield students from indifferent or incompetent teachers *and* protect teachers from unfair dismissal. When prospective faculty were recruited last year, they were told that the scheme was being rushed through the university's development process for approval by the regents. New hires were told they would have a say in the policy's final form. In the interim AIC faculty were asked to sign standard University of Arizona contracts for "non-tenure-eligible professors." With these assurances, five professors packed their bags and moved to Tucson.

One of them was Kalí Tal, a Yale American studies Ph.D. and scholarly entrepreneur—she had founded the journal *Vietnam Generation* while in graduate school. Along with novelist Hiber Conteris, Tal was trumpeted as proof positive that AIC could attract gifted pedagogues despite its rejection of lifetime job security. As

> Of AIC's many planned innovations, the most radical was doing away with tenure.

As it turned out, Tal, the author of *Worlds of Hurt: Reading the Literatures of Trauma* (Cambridge, 1996), would experience a few professional traumas of her own.

Tal and the school's chief officer, executive vice-president and provost Celestino Fernández, clashed from the start. At the opening faculty meeting, as Maureen Regan of *The Tucson Weekly* later reported, Fernández said his staff should think of basketball as their model of teamwork. Tal took offense at what she perceived to be sexist rhetoric, and the two exchanged words. Later in the

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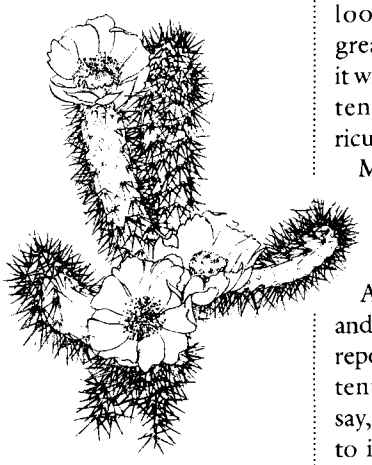
semester Tal began sending memos to her colleagues complaining that the faculty seemed awfully short-staffed for the duties expected of them—behavior that hardly improved her reputation with AIC administrators.

And the bureaucrats had other pressing concerns as well. Because first-year enrollment was much lower than expected, the state government refused to increase the school's funding. As news of this decision circulated on campus, some faculty worried that Tal's blunt advocacy on their behalf might jeopardize their standing with testy state politicians.

Soon the campus was polarized around professor Tal. Some students found her teaching exhilarating. ("Kalí is giving me a new outlook on our world," wrote one in a class evaluation. "Can we all say 'reality check'?") But others found her classroom style—which asked students to examine their own relationship to power structures, including those at AIC—unprofessional. "Should not use class to hold student government meetings," complained one evaluation.

If Tal worried that the storm brewing around her might affect her future employment at the school, she could take some comfort in her letter of appointment, which read in part: "The position falls within the Conditions of Faculty Service (presently under development—basically the document assures academic freedom and due process)." But those words, it turned out, meant very little when Tal received a letter on April 3 announcing that her contract would not be renewed. Shocked and disappointed, Tal learned that the Conditions of Faculty Service defining due process were indeed under development—still. Practically speaking, what this meant was that AIC professors were hired under the University of Arizona's standard terms for the "nontenure-eligible." These terms stipulate that renewal decisions are made solely by the dean or provost and are "not subject to further administrative review." Fernández's actions, in other words, were completely legal. "I work under a set of conditions, too," he says in his own defense. "And I know them very well."

So is this the story of an administrator using an unfinished rule book to fire someone he doesn't like? Or is it a harbinger of the brave new world of the downsizing, corporatizing campus of the Nineties? Perhaps both. AIC's vaunted Conditions of Faculty Service were approved by Arizona regents on April 25 (though they have yet to be implemented as policy at AIC). But those conditions don't seem designed to protect dissidents anyway: Professors will serve up to three years under single-year "probationary" contracts. Only then will they be eligible for multiyear contracts. (Tal says she accepted the job at AIC with the mistaken understanding that she would get a multiyear contract right off the bat.)



AIC students give the education they received in their first year high marks. They especially single out the innovative interdisciplinary curriculum. But as state legislatures everywhere continue to look for ways to exercise greater control over faculty, it will probably be AIC's nontenure policy, not its curriculum, that they address. In May the New Jersey Commission on Higher Education requested a Flexibility and Productivity Audit of its public colleges and universities. The auditors' report zeroed in on the state's tenure statute, which, they say, "provided a disincentive to institutional managers to pursue disciplinary action against tenured faculty who were poor performers."

The lesson for professors? It pays to learn a trade. At least that's what Kalí Tal thinks. She has given up on academia and become a Web page designer. The name of her company reads like an icy commentary on the academic administrators she once knew. She calls it New Word Order.

RICK PERLSTEIN

SQUEAKY CLEAN

WHEN TEACHER-TURNED-entrepreneur Anita Roddick opened her first Body Shop in Brighton, England, more than two decades ago, the event scarcely left a ripple on the placid pond of British finance. After all, what difference could a new bath boutique make to a nation that, as Margaret Thatcher would soon complain, had remained so long indifferent, if not hostile, to the hard realities and soft soap of enterprise culture?

Twenty years and some fifteen hundred Body Shops later, the business world has taken notice of Roddick. From that single retail outlet she has managed to build a world empire with some four thousand employees and a reported £500 million annual turnover. More than that, she claims to have done it without exploiting animals, indigenous peoples, or the environment. And now it's her turn to take notice of the business world: Last year she founded the New Academy of Business with a £250,000 grant, and in the spring she announced that the academy would soon offer its first master's degree—in responsibility and business practice—at the University of Bath School of Management's Centre for Action Research in Professional Practice.

> "You are the Trojan Horses," Roddick proudly told the entering class.

The center itself appears to be located slightly to the left of the linguistic turn. "Language is just the catalyst,"

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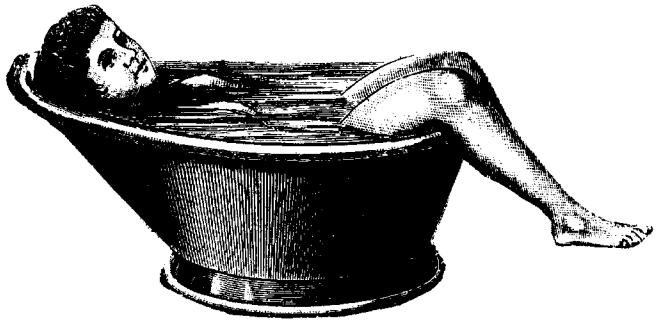

Roddick says of her hopes to cure management schools of their myopia. "Open up a typical management book and...you will be lucky to find words like community, social justice, ethics, human rights or spirituality."

What Roddick has in mind is a curriculum "that includes subjects such as Social and Ethical Accounting, Human Rights and International Trade, or Gender Perspectives in the Workplace." The link with the University of Bath brings "legitimacy" to her academy, while the university's connection with the Body Shop provides it with a high and, well, clean profile. The program is initially open only to business managers and consultants already established in the business world. "You are the Trojan Horses," Roddick proudly told the entering class.

Meanwhile, Baroness Thatcher seems to be sending her own Trojan Horse to Cambridge University. Her Margaret Thatcher Foundation has offered almost £2 million to Cambridge to endow a new Professorship of Free Enterprise in the former prime minister's name. Concerned about the "cowboy capitalism" she sees emerging in Russia and China, Thatcher intends her chair "to teach that capitalism does have a moral and legal basis, that it is not simply the law of the jungle," an aide explained.

The gift also appears to be a slap in the face to Maggie's alma mater, Oxford University. Back in 1985 Oxford professors angered the prime minister when they voted down a proposal to award her an honorary doctorate. And then last November faculty members enraged business boosters everywhere when they rejected a plan to build a new business school, partially because of concerns about its proposed location (a cricket field in central Oxford) and partially because its principal benefactor—to the tune of £20 million—fell under scrutiny. The donor, Wafic Rida Said, made his money in the Saudi construction boom of the 1970s and 1980s, but he is best known in England for his alleged involvement in arms dealing when his friend Margaret Thatcher was prime minister. In late May, however, the faculty reversed its decision when it was able to negotiate the extent of Said's control over the school—he had initially insisted on appointing six of the board's ten trustees—and to relocate it to an unused railway goods yard. Of course, there was also the small matter of Said's threat to rescind the cash if a new site was not approved by June 21.

So while the thirteen students who have ponied up the £5,000 tuition for Roddick's New Academy of Business are no doubt all praying that they won't be taking a bath, the students at the Wafic Rida Said Business School may need to consider taking a good long shower before leaving Oxford.

R.J. LAMBROSE

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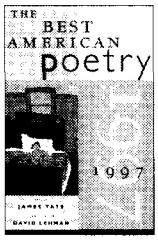

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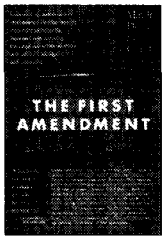

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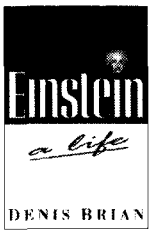

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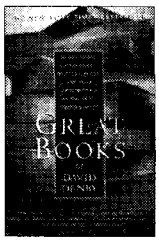

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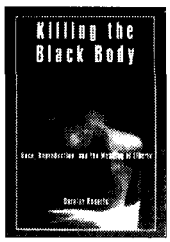

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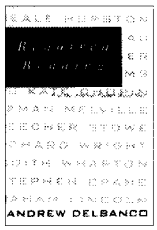

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—Paula Giddings
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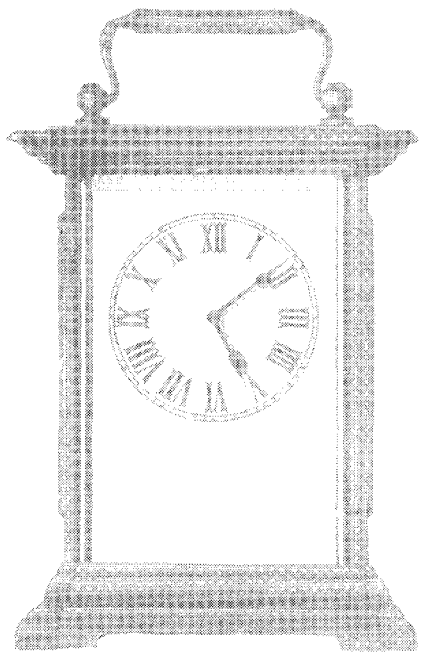

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Breakthrough *Books*

WE ASKED EIGHT EXPERTS TO TELL US ABOUT THE MOST ILLUMINATING NEW BOOKS ON A PERENNIAL SUBJECT: **THE FAMILY**

Judith Stacey, Barbra Streisand Professor of Contemporary Gender Studies at the University of Southern California and author of *Brave New Families: Stories of Domestic Upheaval in Late Twentieth Century America* (Basic, 1990) and *In the Name of the Family* (Beacon, 1996).

Stacey notes a new front in the culture wars: namely, "the use of social science research to 'prove' that the 1950s family was superior." In her view, "the best antidote to this sort of thing is not necessarily more social science but an immersion in the lived values of actual families." Her favorite example is California novelist **Carolyn See**'s memoir ***Dreaming: Hard Luck and Good Times in America*** (California, 1996). "It gives you a thick description of the worst sort of family problems: alcoholism, physical abuse, abandonment, suicide. But at the same time there are incredible moments of heroism and even a happy ending, driven by improbable levels of love and attachment—real-life family values. Another book I just love is a little anthology of personal essays called ***Sister and Brother,*** by **Joan Nestle** (HarperCollins, 1995). In documenting the flourishing creativity of self-conscious gay and lesbian 'family groups,' Nestle reveals lots of triumph over all these circumstances that are supposed to ruin your life."

....

Shirley Burggraf, professor of economics at Florida A&M University and author of *The Feminine Economy and Economic Man* (Addison-Wesley, 1997).

"The book I have found most interesting lately is ***Taxing Women,*** by **Edward J. McCaffery** (Chicago, 1997). Although its focus is on various forms of gender bias in the tax system, it might have been titled 'Taxing Families, Especially Working Families.' McCaffery outlines many ways in which our tax system has been allowed to shift against families to a shocking degree. Tax breaks for families, such as the earned income tax credit and the $400-per-child tax credit included in the recent federal budget agreement, are small change compared with the financial squeeze that our federal, state, and local tax systems have collectively put on families. While political rhetoric supports family values, and commentators are mystified about what has happened to the family in recent decades, McCaffery demonstrates very clearly that, where tax policy is concerned, we have become an anti-family society."

....

Dana Heller, professor of English at Old Dominion University and author of *Family Plots: The De-Oedipalization of Popular Culture* (Pennsylvania, 1995).

"**Lynn Spigel**'s ***Make Room for TV: Television and the Family Ideal in Postwar America*** (Chicago, 1992) is a careful documentation of the integration of television into the structures and conventions of American family life. As insightful as it is readable, Spigel's work demonstrates that contemporary conflicts over gender, social relations, and the status of the family were both produced and policed by the mass marketing that early television technology made possible." Heller also recommends **Jacques Donzelot**'s ***The Policing of Families*** (Johns Hopkins, 1997), "a rigorous analysis of the Western bourgeois family that locates its origin not with the family patriarch but with the patriarchal state. Although originally published in 1979, it remains an indispensable contribution to critical theory of the family—and an excellent complement to Spigel's emphasis on the family as a site of struggle over the shifting boundaries of private and public space."

....

Kath Weston, visiting scholar in women's studies at Harvard University and author of *Families We Choose: Lesbians, Gays, Kinship* (Columbia, 1991) and *Render Me, Gender Me: Lesbians Talk Sex, Class, Color, Nation, Studmuffins...* (Columbia, 1996).

"Sift through recent writing on 'the family' and you'll come away with books about change. In ***Reproducing the Future: Essays on Anthropology, Kinship, and the New Reproductive Technologies*** (Routledge, 1992), **Marilyn Strathern** masterfully links changes in kinship practices to larger questions: the fate of individualism, the meaning of culture in a global economy, the fashioning of new relationships from the ingenuities of the old. Some of the most provocative work comes from unexpected sources. **Fenton Johnson**'s compelling memoir, ***Geography of the Heart*** (Scribner, 1996), recounts how he, the son of distillery workers from Kentucky hill country, and his lover, the California-bred son of Holocaust survivors, recreated themselves as family in the shadow of AIDS. **Larry Siems**'s ***Between the Lines*** (Ecco, 1992) is a lightly edited collection of letters between undocumented foreign work-

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ers and their families. Readers of this volume will find it difficult to sit quietly through the next public policy debate on immigration."

....

Linda J. Waite, professor of sociology at the University of Chicago and co-author of *New Families, No Families?: The Transformation of the American Home* (California, 1991).

"The best new books on the family," Waite says, "begin with 'established' facts and then show them to be false—or at least complicated. **Susan Mayer** began ***What Money Can't Buy: Family Income and Children's Life Chances*** (Harvard, 1997) with the belief that poor children achieve less than other children primarily because their families lack money. To her surprise, her research convinced her that money alone does not buy material or psychological well-being for children. The personal characteristics of parents and the choices they make are more important."

....

Steven Mintz, professor of history at the University of Houston, co-author of *Domestic Revolutions: A Social History of American Family Life* (Free Press, 1980) and author of *Moralists & Modernizers: America's Pre-Civil War Reformers* (Johns Hopkins, 1995).

"When Americans agonize over the family, their preeminent concern is children's well-being: How do children fare today compared to in the past? Not badly, says **Donald J. Hernandez,** who, in ***America's Children*** (Russell Sage Foundation, 1993), deploys rigorous analysis of census data to debunk myths that the 1950s were a golden age for most families and that family disruption, single parenthood, and teenage pregnancy increased dramatically after 1960. And at a time when many pundits overstate and oversimplify the problems children face when parents separate, **Christy M. Buchanan, Eleanor E. Maccoby,** and **Sanford M. Dornbusch**'s ***Adolescents After Divorce*** (Harvard, 1997) offers a remarkably balanced assessment of divorce's psychological consequences and suggests concrete ways to enhance children's adjustment. Both books demonstrate how the young have thrived and suffered within a variety of family arrangements and that the simplest way to promote healthy growth is to provide children with financially secure home environments."

....

Stephanie Coontz, professor of history and family studies at Evergreen State College and author of *The Way We Never Were: American Families and the Nostalgia Trap* (Basic, 1992) and *The Way We Really Are: Coming to Terms With America's Changing Families* (Basic, 1997).

"As I discuss family issues with audiences across the country, I find myself more and more grateful for **Judith Stacey**'s ***Brave New Families*** (Basic, 1990) and **Lillian Rubin**'s ***Families on the Fault Line*** (HarperCollins, 1994). Contrary to conservative wishful thinking, Stacey's and Rubin's fieldwork demonstrates that changing gender roles and untraditional 'family values' are here to stay: They are not merely the 'lifestyle' choices of irresponsible elites or of youth who've watched the wrong TV shows and listened to the wrong music. Furthermore, Stacey and Rubin show that the ambivalence these new family realities evoke among more conservative working people does not always stem from knee-jerk racism or sexism. Rather, such discomfort often reflects honest struggles to find leverage in a rapidly changing global economy and culture in which most working men's real wages and job security have fallen, most working women never even have a chance to bump into a glass ceiling, and parents agonize about both the declining job prospects and the expanding consumer choices that confront their kids."

....

Robert Coles, professor of psychiatry and medical humanities at Harvard University and author most recently of *Doing Documentary Work* (Oxford, 1997) and *The Youngest Parents* (Norton, 1997).

Coles is another social scientist who isn't sure social science is the best way to capture the texture of family life. "In contrast," he says, "storytelling allows for a spaciousness about our day-to-day existence." He recommends **Joan Brady**'s novel ***Theory of War*** (Fawcett, 1994). "The writer draws on the story of a real family—her own—to look at how 'slavery' (that of a white boy, no less, 'sold' after the Civil War) affects a family's life. Brady relies on the documentary tradition (she interviewed her uncle), yet she works it into a compelling narrative that sheds light on the way memories of childhood experiences give shape to our family life over the years. Her mix of literal truth and imaginative renderings of what happens in her characters' minds is both edifying and suggestive—in contrast to the theoretical mode (with its categorical insistence) that dominates so many of our current discussions of family life."

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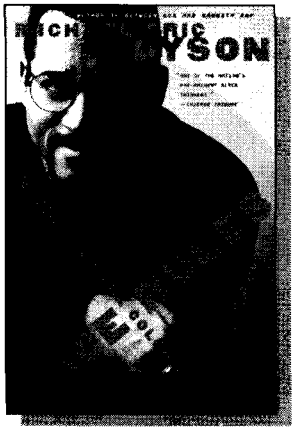

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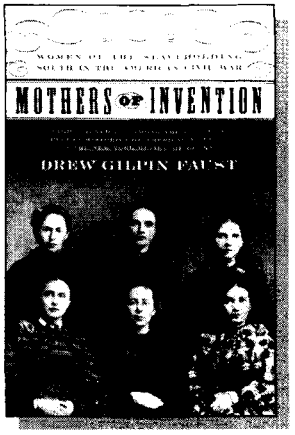

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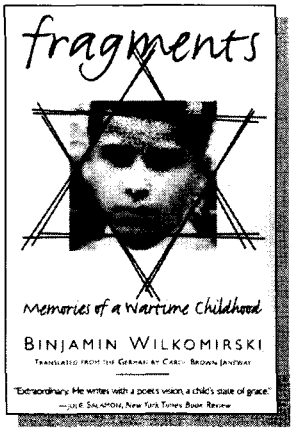

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Inside*Publishing*

THE USES OF ERROR

IN JULIAN BARNES'S *FLAUBERT'S PARROT,* narrator Geoffrey Braithwaite spends an entire chapter railing against the pedantry of the late Oxford scholar Enid Starkie. In her biography of Flaubert, Starkie disparages the novelist's "careless" treatment of Emma Bovary's eyes. (They are described, at various times, as blue, black, and brown.) Flaubert didn't screw up, insists Braithwaite—in fact, the novelist quite *intentionally* transformed Emma's pupils to fit the psychology of the moment. Exact chapter and verse is cited. Touché.

A similar strategy informs *Is Heathcliff a Murderer?,* a piquant collection of essays penned by eminent Victorianist John Sutherland. This Oxford anthology of literary anomalies—featuring chronological contortions and gaffes in classic novels—achieved tremendous success in England last year, with sales of more than 30,000 copies. In fact, it's already spawned a sequel, *Can Jane Eyre Be Happy?*

Rather than chastise authors for their mistakes, Sutherland marshals the pedant's skills to mount (usually cheeky) defenses of a novel's logic. Typically he begins by pointing out what appears to be a colossal blooper, then—adopting the attitude that a genius like Jane Austen simply *couldn't* have set apple trees blooming as late as June or switched the sex of Lady Bertram's pug—attempts to resolve it by rhetorical sleight of hand. In other essays he exposes a flub ("the scene of the Tullivers' drowning in *The Mill on the Floss* is, by any understanding of the laws of hydrodynamics, incredible") only to assert that the slip just makes the novel more interesting. "I've always found that there's much value in going back to the level of basic paradox," says Sutherland, who teaches at University College London. "These puzzles really illuminate the narrative process."

Several pieces are Braithwaite-like responses to fellow academics. In 1979 Stephen Marcus puzzled over Daniel Deronda's belated realization that he is a Jew, and concluded that "in order for the plot of *Daniel Deronda* to work, Deronda's circumcised penis must be invisible." Is this a stupendous, and particularly Victorian, oversight? Sutherland reopens the case by duly acknowledging that George Eliot's hero is given up for adoption at age two—past the age at which "every Jewish male child routinely would have gone through the *bris.*" Furthermore, Daniel attends Eton, where "in the school's communal sleeping and bathing facilities he would surely—given his dark, Semitic appearance and tell-tale penis—have been taunted as a Jew, if only in sport." Since Mordecai's suggestion of Jewish ancestry hits Daniel like a thunderbolt, the novel indeed appears flawed. But wait: Sutherland reminds us that Daniel's rebellious mother, the Princess, was highly scornful of Jewish law. In one passage she recounts how her father insisted upon "the wisdom of such laws, however silly they might seem to me....the long prayers in the ugly synagogue, and the howling, and the gabbling, and the dreadful fasts." Considering the Princess's contentious relationship to Judaism, would she *really* have let her son be snipped?

To weary professors, Sutherland's hoary *hors texte* approach might uncomfortably evoke the undergraduate smart-ass who keeps derailing the discussion of colonial politics in *Kim* by demanding to know how old the hero is. (Nobody knows.) Indeed, readers who lack patience for trivia may be tempted to strangle the professor, who is given to pronouncements like, "If one speaks the dialogue at the speed it would have been spoken, the time elapsed is a bare four minutes. This is insufficient time for the lemons to have arrived." (The puzzle concerns *Felix Holt, Radical.* Never mind.) Writing in the *TLS,* Tony Tanner recently groused, "I don't much care...if dogs change sex, the sun sets in the east, characters finish journeys before starting them or slip into chrono-

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logically impossible garments.... Fiction has a license not available to history—or zoology, climatology, or the history of fashion, come to that."

Then again, what begins as captious criticism often ends up, in Sutherland's hands, adding new texture to the novels. Consider the essay "What Happens to Mrs. Woodcourt?," which considers the unexplained absence of Allan Woodcourt's mother in the final scenes of Dickens's *Bleak House*. Whereas the vanishing of Allan's mother seems a mere slipup (Dickens had rather many subplots to resolve), Sutherland contends that the erasure sheds a sinister light on the preternaturally kind heroine, Esther Summerson. As he reminds us, Esther's dislike for her future mother-in-law is palpable throughout the novel—for Mrs. Woodcourt disdains the housekeeping narrator as a lowly match for her medical-student son. (The ever-polite Esther goes so far as to call her "irksome.") So when Esther finally marries Allan and reports on her gloriously bustling home, why does Mrs. Woodcourt go unmentioned? According to Sutherland, "given Esther's incessant gush of kindness for all and sundry, it seems wantonly cruel" not to have brought Allan's mother into the fold. The professor's explanation for the vanishing: "domestic *Realpolitik.*" As the ultimate hausfrau, Esther simply can't imagine sharing power with a rival. So Allan's mum is locked out of Bleak House—and *Bleak House*. Of course, maybe Dickens simply forgot about the old woman.

"The scene of the Tullivers' drowning in *The Mill on the Floss* is, by any understanding of the laws of hydrodynamics, incredible."

Sutherland's detective work is aided by his long-standing interest in the ways Victorian manuscripts were created; accordingly, his approach often highlights bumps on the road to publication. Take his inquisition into the oddly protean piano owned by *Vanity Fair*'s Amelia Sedley. (During the course of the novel, the instrument somehow clones itself—twice—and switches brands from Broadwood's to Stothard's.) While exposing some carelessness, the essay primarily illuminates how Thackeray's habit of never looking back during serialization clashed with his supreme talent for developing recurrent symbols.

"Looking at mistakes actually brings you closer to the text," insists Sutherland. For example, how does Magwitch, the escaped convict in Dickens's *Great Expectations,* swim across the Thames with a "great iron on his leg"? Such a heavy weight would have surely drowned him the minute he jumped off the ship. This boo-boo has its origins not so much in Dickens's sloppiness, Sutherland explains, but in a widespread Victorian ignorance of swimming. "Dickens's readers shared his vagueness about what human limits are in water. At best Victorians could float, dog-paddle, or thrash about a bit." In fact, Sutherland notes, the freestyle stroke wasn't even invented until 1873. Until then water existed in novels primarily for shipwrecks and drownings. Dickens was at least *trying* to be innovative.

Today's novelists can't count on such ignorance among their readers. Indeed, since the publication of his books in England, Sutherland has received dozens of letters from British readers assailing him for his *own* mistakes and fallacies. One reader insisted that, upon examination of the meteorological record, 1814—the setting of *Emma*—was a "*dreadfully cold* year," thus rationalizing the stubborn presence of those June apple blossoms. A group of Londoners challenged Sutherland's claim that Virginia Woolf's Clarissa Dalloway, returning home after purchasing flowers on Bond Street, could have zipped back to Westminster in ten minutes. (They were armed with stopwatches, of course.) Other readers have approached him in desperation. As Sutherland reveals in his foreword to *Can Jane Eyre Be Happy?,* a certain "Mr. Jenkinson outlined no less than five possible chronologies of the central events of *Pride and Prejudice.* Having, by ruthless logic and recourse to the perpetual calendar, eliminated two of them, he concluded his letter: 'It would greatly please me if you could determine which of these three [remaining] scenarios is the "real" one.'" Alas, Sutherland cannot.

Though his books are published in Oxford's World's Classics series right alongside Hardy and Trollope, some of the press's scholarly referees have deemed Sutherland's puzzles an undignified endgame for literary criticism. "I was told that a couple of delegates were dubious," he chuckles. But the books have proven so popular that Oxford is now looking for someone to assemble a collection of Shakespearean conundrums. Maybe we'll finally figure out how old Hamlet is—and what he was actually studying at Wittenburg.

DANIEL ZALEWSKI

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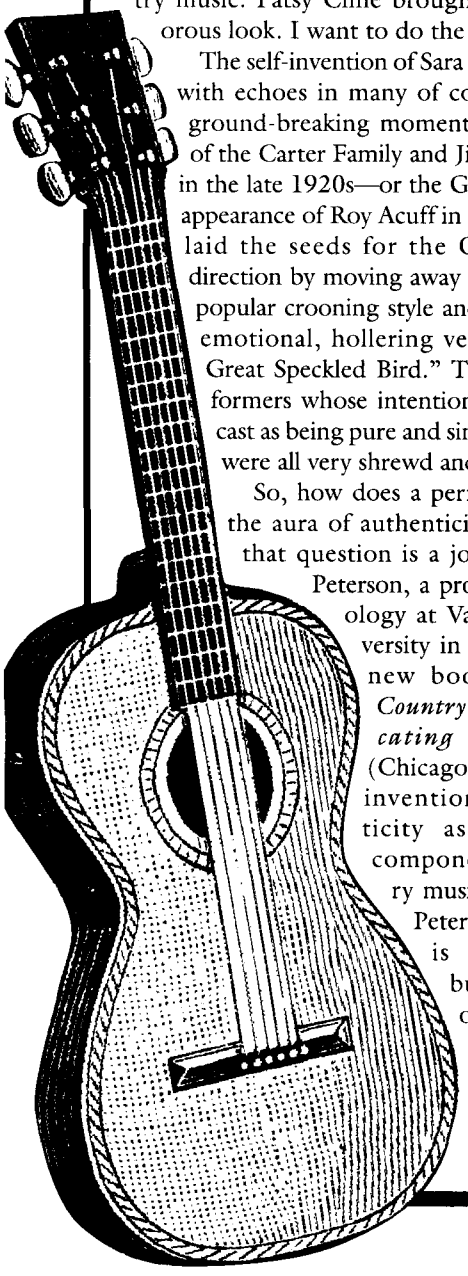
THE TWANG OF TRUTH



ONE OF THE BIGGEST STORIES IN COUNTRY music right now is Sara Evans, a twenty-six-year-old singer whose first album, *Three Chords and the Truth,* has just arrived in stores. Evans is frequently said to be "authentic"—an elusive, much coveted designation that alights on a lucky young performer every few years or so. "Authentic" implies unformed, instinctive, even atavistic. Yet Evans is a self-conscious artist making explicit choices about who she wants to be. "I'm so into anything old-fashioned," she said to Sandy Smith of the *Tennessean.* "Why not do '40s or '50s glamour stuff? That's something that's missing in country music. Patsy Cline brought a real glamorous look. I want to do the same thing."

The self-invention of Sara Evans is a story with echoes in many of country music's ground-breaking moments, like the rise of the Carter Family and Jimmie Rodgers in the late 1920s—or the Grand Ole Opry appearance of Roy Acuff in 1938, when he laid the seeds for the Opry's future direction by moving away from the then-popular crooning style and delivering an emotional, hollering version of "The Great Speckled Bird." These were performers whose intentions were broadcast as being pure and simple—but who were all very shrewd and discerning.

So, how does a performer acquire the aura of authenticity? Answering that question is a job for Richard Peterson, a professor of sociology at Vanderbilt University in Nashville. His new book, *Creating Country Music: Fabricating Authenticity* (Chicago), defines the invention of authenticity as the crucial component of country music. For all that, Peterson's intention is not to debunk the genre or to suggest that the most backcountry warbler is just a savvy sellout in disguise. Authenticity may not spring naturally from a performer, but neither is it merely an illusion conjured by a singer's or a mogul's manipulations. Rather, Peterson contends that authenticity is "continuously negotiated in an ongoing interplay between performers, diverse commercial interests, fans, and the evolving image." And it's precisely this process that lends country music so much of its power and appeal.

Though many forms of music are praised for their purity, Peterson argues that authenticity is especially prized in country. That's because for thirty years entertainment-business executives were largely out of touch with the music and its audience: All they knew was that "those attracted to the music were responding to representations of an unchanging past." Meanwhile, performers and homegrown image doctors scrambled to try on different impersonations of that past: the hillbilly farmer, the cowboy, the home-and-hearth churchgoer.

> How does a country music performer acquire the aura of authenticity?

Sometimes the results, to the revisionist historian's eye, bordered on absurdity. Deciding that the future of country music lay in song publishing, talent scout Ralph Peer paid A.P. Carter, patriarch of the Carter Family, to roam the mid-South in search of traditional-sounding songs. Peer took the copyrights to the songs, the not-as-hillbilly-as-they-seemed Carters sang them with fervor, and everyone was pleased by the deceptions. Still, country music's outsider status wasn't always faked. Composers of country songs were excluded from membership in ASCAP, the performance-rights organization, and the American musician's union kept country performers out by requiring applicants to pass a sight-reading test.

When the record companies finally woke up to country in the 1950s, they found that two opposing aesthetic traditions were firmly established: Peterson calls them "hard core" and "soft shell," rustic rebel yelling and parlor-bound Southern politeness. His examples of the opposing styles include nasal Southern twang versus melodious, unaccented speech; Loretta Lynn versus Patsy Cline; George Jones's troubled, alcoholic life versus Red Foley's perfumed, gentlemanly image. Together they form a cycling dialectic, and Peterson argues that "one is usually predominant at any given time." Both idioms are equally authentic in that each has valid roots in past performers, and in images of past American life that are savored by fans.

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Still, Peterson does not believe that all styles are created equal. Throughout his book, he emphasizes that it has always been the hard-core sensibility that has revitalized the music and brought new listeners to it. Roy Acuff began his career as a soft shell singer, but it wasn't until his hard-core hit "The Great Speckled Bird" that he became important; Hank Williams changed country music by bringing the singer-songwriter approach to it, living out the troubled roles he sang about.

THE CARTER FAMILY, 1952

PHOTOFEST

In the twenty-five years that he spent writing *Creating Country Music,* Peterson found his own plans changing. During that period, the music went through a bewildering number of phases: The easy-listening soft-shell style called the Nashville sound reached its commercial peak; the "urban cowboy" phenomenon made country more popular both in its soft-shell and hard-core aspects; and a number of surprisingly fresh, hard-core alternative-country singers like Dwight Yoakam and Rosie Flores emerged. The dialectic was moving too fast for its would-be historian to keep up. And then, another problem arose: The soft-shell acts of new country (Vince Gill, Diamond Rio, etc.) became ubiquitous, to the point that they appeared to squeeze out harder-edged singers altogether.

Puzzled by the present, Peterson chose to end his history at 1953—the year Hank Williams died and was instantly martyrized, the year country became a fully commodified genre within the pop-music machine, and the year the market for the music exploded. Though a firm believer in cycles, Peterson now wonders, against his better judgment, whether we are really witnessing the beginning of country's demise. Soft-shell's dominance may bring stylistic tensions, and its aura of tradition, to an end. Sighs Peterson: "There's absolutely no reason why authenticity in country music has to continue into the twenty-first century. It's perfectly possible that country will finally make the move that was so logical all along—which is to become just another strain of middle-of-the-road music, just light, cushy sounds with a slight Southern flair."

BEN RATLIFF

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PIECES OF YOU

LET 1997 BE REMEMBERED AS YEAR OF THE Body Part. First, there was all the talk about Paula Jones's legal deposition, which contained perhaps the first-ever description of a sitting president's virile member. And then in July *The New York Times* published a lavishly illustrated article titled THE WHOLE BODY CATALOGUE: ARTIFICIAL PARTS TO MIX AND MATCH. In it, the paper hailed the breakthroughs in organ replacement technology, described everyday prostheses (from rhynoplasts and vascular grafts to heart stents and cochlear implants), and appended a useful shopping list of available body parts.

By that time, however, industrious scholars had long been at their laptops. High-minded chronicles of the buttocks, the breast, the skin, and the penis appeared earlier this year; *Venus Envy: A History of Cosmetic Surgery* (think face lifts, nose jobs, breast implants, and tummy tucks) is due out next month from Johns Hopkins; and vivifying treatments of the heart and the digestive tract are on the way.

As intellectual trends go, the body-parts craze wasn't hard to see coming. Whether driven by a market eager to piggyback on the success of the late-Eighties body books (Zone Books's three-volume series on the body achieved a cult following) or, as the scholars themselves prefer to think of it, driven by a culture fixated on the fragment ("the rejection of all forms of totality, including the corporeal, is one of the defining characteristics of postmodernism," explains one new body-parts book), our current obsession with organs reeks of the inevitable.

It is not, however, without precedent. According to David Hillman and Carla Mazzio, teaching fellows in English at Harvard and editors of Routledge's new *The Body in Parts: Fantasies of Corporeality in Early Modern Europe,* the denizens of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Europe were just as preoccupied with body parts as we are today. They, apparently, had good reason. The famous upheavals of the time—among them the end of feudalism, the invention of the printing press, the schisms in the Catholic church, the Copernican revolution, and the rise of anatomy—all conspired to produce a society marked both physiologically and philosophically by division and fragmentation. The result was not only a population of modern individuals, but, stress Hillman and Mazzio, a whole new "aesthetic of the part" as well.

Of the fourteen essays that make up the Routledge volume, eleven take as their subject a single organ—testimony to the number and variety of body parts inspiring early modern fascination and, just as frequently, dread. The foot, for example, was a central icon of power. According to University of Pennsylvania English professor Peter Stallybrass, Protestant tracts of the period depict Henry VIII treading on the neck of the Pope while Marlowe's Tamburlaine demeans vanquished enemies by literally using them as footstools. Three hundred years later, however, it was the disappearing foot that came to stand for social prestige—a notion, Stallybrass suggests, that achieves its apotheosis with the introduction of the toe shoe (and its illusion of the endless, *footless* leg) in nineteenth-century ballet.

As intellectual trends go, the body-parts craze wasn't hard to see coming.

More famously, the early modern era was the period when the clitoris—a body part that had gone missing for centuries—was rediscovered, upsetting conventional wisdom about the distribution of power and pleasure between the sexes. "This rediscovery proved explosive," argues Katherine Park, a professor of history at Wellesley College, who notes that it inspired a flurry of timorous male speculation on the phallic *tribade,* a woman who could penetrate and give pleasure to other women. With *tribades* in abundance, women—horrifying to contemplate—"might choose to forgo sex with men altogether." It could not have helped any that in England a female ruler sat on the throne defiantly spurning her suitors. When Queen Elizabeth I was painted dressed in a gown adorned with eyes, ears, and mouths, was the image reassuring evidence of "normative models of bodily partition," as Mazzio and Hillman suggest? Or was it rather, as Joel Fineman has speculated, evidence of early modern male sexual anxiety—a grotesque castration fantasy?

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Herein lies both the allure and the danger of body-parts scholarship: the ability to see in the isolated fragment not local, contingent meanings but the entire social fabric. In much of this work, the fragment is no longer just a part but a synecdoche for the glorious, teeming whole. A penis and a breast are rarely just organs with specific erotic and biological functions, but eloquent shorthand for man and woman, a culture's philosophy of the sexes—a worldview in the palm of a hand.

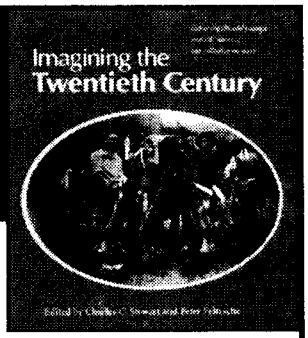
By contrast, Nancy Vickers's essay on the *blason*—a poetic genre devoted to extolling or excoriating anatomical parts—is a model of interpretive restraint. When the poet Clément Marot penned his homage to the breast ("Blason du têtin") in 1535, followed a year later by its antithesis ("Contreblason du têtin," with its memorably spiteful lines: "Big breast, long breast/Breast, or should I say old sack?"), he launched a fad that lasted well into the century. Before long, the hair, heart, thigh, hand, eye, mind, mouth, tear, ear, and eyebrow had found their *blasonneurs,* and their verses, compiled and circulated in cheap editions, were all the rage at court. Vickers's account is strictly descriptive, resisting the urge to turn the *blason* into a sign of the times.

Nevertheless, when scholars do pull it off, sweeping social history via the body part can produce tantalizing results. In her essay on the tongue, for example, Mazzio cites writers from Erasmus to Thomas Adams whose imprecations to that voluble organ suggest a body part dangerously out of control. "Ungrateful meddling of a busy-body," complained Richard Allestree in 1674: "So unboundedly mischievous is that petulant member that heaven and earth are not wide enough for its range...and like the viper...so it corrodes inward, and becomes often fatal to its owner, as to all the world besides." Mazzio detects in all this hostile tongue talk an anxiety reaction to the declining value of speech in early modern culture. As the number of books and readers grew and the written word supplanted the oral, she argues, the tongue fell increasingly out of favor. "Paradoxically enough," Mazzio concludes, the tongue "seems to matter more and more when its relations to the making and destruction of culture seem to matter less and less."

Scholars, take note. Here, perhaps, is a clue to our current passion for body parts: In this era of mastectomies, pacemakers, and cyberspace, is it any wonder we're churning out paeans to our—now eminently dispensable—organs?

EMILY EAKIN

CAN YOU IMAGINE?



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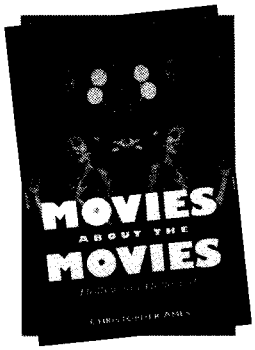

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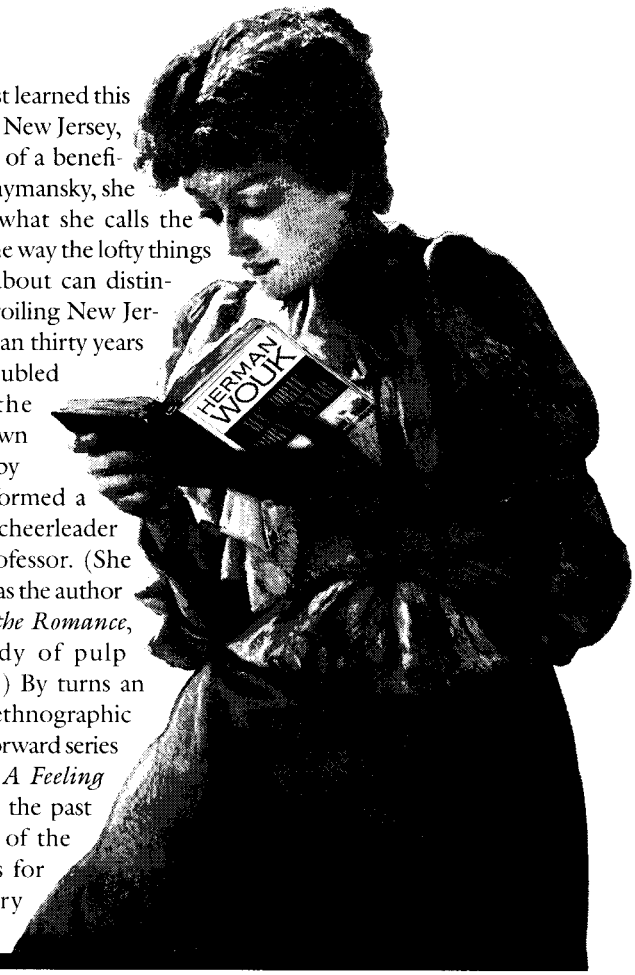

THE NEW YORK TIMES RAN AN ARTICLE RECENTLY on the charming pathology of a certain kind of "bookish New Yorker," a person whose "proclivity" for the accumulation of books comically outmatches the modest dimensions of his or her apartment. In this humiliatingly expensive city, the average New York intellectual may not be able to afford a dignified living space, but those books of hers suggest Versailles-size mansions of the mind never even dreamed of in crass cities like Los Angeles. Books are "essential to many a New Yorker's self-image," the *Times* reported, an observation underscored by a photo of Columbia's Ann Douglas, who lies on her side, full shelves above her, full shelves below—as though she is herself another row of tomes.

Which, according to Duke literature professor Janice Radway, she might well be. Radway's new *A Feeling for Books: The Book-of-the-Month Club, Literary Taste, and Middle-Class Desire* (North Carolina) suggests that, in many ways, you are what you read. Radway first learned this lesson growing up in New Jersey, where with the help of a beneficent librarian, Mr. Shymansky, she was introduced to what she calls the "game of culture": the way the lofty things you read or know about can distinguish you from the roiling New Jersoisie. Now, more than thirty years later, Radway has doubled back to examine the complexities of her own social mobilization by books, which transformed a middle-class Jersey cheerleader into a respected professor. (She came to prominence as the author of 1984's *Reading the Romance*, an influential study of pulp romance readership.) By turns an autobiography, an ethnographic study, and a straightforward series of historical essays, *A Feeling for Books* focuses on the past and present of one of the central mechanisms for the spread of literary

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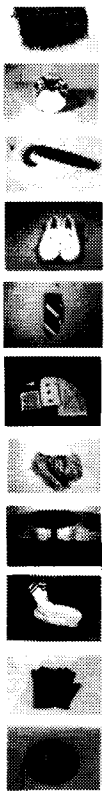
culture in America since the Twenties. Indeed, the Book-of-the-Month Club offered Radway as a youth the "tactile, sensuous, profoundly emotional" reading experience that inspired her to become a lit professor in the first place.

If the Book-of-the-Month Club seems an unlikely avenue into the precincts of the intellectual aristocracy, this is precisely Radway's point. Her work is part of a movement within American studies (Radway is president-elect of the American Studies Association) that takes as its focus not the modernist avant-garde but the ways and means of a "consumer culture" in which the desire for a commodity is produced before the commodity itself. In this sense the Book-of-the-Month Club may be the very epitome of consumerism: It has dispensed with the task of actually making the commodity that it sells.

In grad school, to be caught reading *The Thorn Birds* is the kiss of death.

The enterprise was the brainchild of advertising copywriter Harry Scherman, who early in this century began to distribute his Little Leather Library of Shakespeare's plays in boxes of Whitman's Candy. His Book-of-the-Month Club represented a considerable advance in marketing savvy over this quaint nexus of nougat and *Hamlet*. In 1926 the club began to offer to its subscribers the "best and most distinguished" fiction and non-fiction, published in the previous thirty days, as judged by a select panel of experts. After the important early innovation of the "negative option"—which allowed members to bypass the Main Selection for one of the Alternates, saying "no" to a given book even as they continued to say "yes" to the club—this publishing middleman had taken its durably profitable form. Pointedly not included in the monthly offerings of the club—which favored plump page-turners like *Marjorie Morningstar* and *Hawaii*—were the difficult modernist texts we have been taught to consider the most important of the century, such as *The Sound and the Fury*. Such "autistic" texts, to use an epithet coined by one of the editors of the club, disqualified themselves from selection by trying to deny the essential commodiousness at the heart of the commodity. Middlebrow reading was to be intellectually respectable but not painful. Making readers alternately laugh out loud and reach for a Kleenex was indispensible.

This systematic omission of high modernism on the part of the club is anything but bother-



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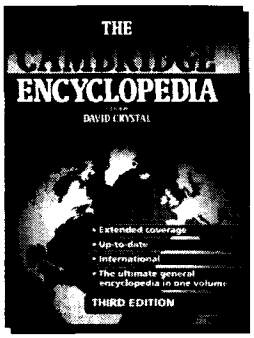

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some to Radway, who mounts a sustained defense of the old-fashioned tearjerker, which she believes to provide valuable lessons in empathy. In fact she spends much of the book trying to convince herself that middlebrow culture—perched between high culture and low—represents not the worst of both worlds (vulgar snobbery) but the best (serious pleasure). Radway is eloquent in describing secret shame at not feeling passion for the rebarbative work of Beckett and Stein even as she went on to get her Ph.D. in English. Withholding the moist caress of the middlebrow, modernist classics start to seem like bad lovers in Radway's account, disregarding her readerly pleasure in their dogged pursuit of arid, abstract, universal truth. But it's hard to square Radway's depiction of a bodiless modernism with a movement that was at least as notorious for its supposed obscenity as for its highbrow difficulty. *Ulysses* was widely banned, after all, not for the confusion it induced in those who tried to read it, but for refusing the Victorian aversion to the body prevalent in the kind of sentimental fiction that turns Radway on. At times Radway sets heartless modernism in facile opposition to sentimental fiction.

Nonetheless the effect of this oversimplification is fascinating, for it allows Radway to make dowdy middlebrow culture seem ripe and sexy by contrast to the dried tubers of the avant-garde. In fact, as a "counterpractice to the high culture tastes and proclivities that have been most insistently legitimated and nurtured in academic English departments," middlebrow fiction even seems a bit subversive—a secret pleasure to be indulged in under the covers with a flashlight. Which is exactly what Radway says she did in graduate school (where to be caught reading *The Thorn Birds* was the kiss of death).

In the end Radway's conversion of middlebrow culture, which even the House Republicans will find some money to support, into outlaw culture raises as many questions as it settles. The gesture may have something to do with American studies—academe's sanctuary for middlebrow taste—which saved her from the highbrow snobbery of the English Department. These days everyone prefers a cultural "counterpractice," and so perhaps it is under this banner that practitioners of American studies must make their bid for intellectual respect. In that case another story told by this book, which tells so many interesting stories about books and social mobility, might be: How I stopped worrying about modernism and became president of the American Studies Association.

MARK McGURL

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PLEASURE

BY **CALEB CRAIN**

QUEER THEORISTS AND GAY JOURNALISTS WRESTLE OVER THE POLITICS OF SEX

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PRINCIPLES

Nearly two hundred men and women have come to sit in the sweaty ground-floor assembly hall of New York City's Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center. They've tucked their gym bags under their folding chairs, and, despite the thick late-June heat, they're fully alert. Dozens more men and women cram the edges of the room, leaning against manila-colored card tables littered with Xeroxes or perching on the center's grade-school-style water fountain, a row of three faucets in a knee-high porcelain trough. A video camera focuses on the podium, where activist Gregg Gonsalves and Columbia University law professor Kendall Thomas welcome the audience to a teach-in sponsored by the new organization Sex Panic.

It might have been the Sex Panic flyer reading DANGER! ASSAULT! TURDZ! that drew this crowd. Handed out in New York City's gay bars and coffee shops, the flyer identified continuing HIV transmission as the danger. It pointed to the recent closing of gay and transgender bars and an increase in arrests for public lewdness as the assault. And it named gay writers Andrew Sullivan, Michelangelo Signorile, Larry Kramer, and Gabriel Rotello as the Turdz.

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The flyer, however, is not how I first found out about the Sex Panic meeting. A fellow graduate student recommended it to me as a venue for academic networking. "It's a Who's Who of queer theory," he told me. "You should go." Indeed, speaking at the teach-in are the independent historian Allan Bérubé, 1996 winner of a MacArthur "genius" grant and author of *Coming Out Under Fire: The History of Gay Men and Women in World War II*; NYU professors Phillip Brian Harper and Lisa Duggan; and Rutgers's Michael Warner, one of the deans of queer theory. In the audience are the well-known academics Douglas Crimp, Jeff Nunokawa, Ann Pellegrini, and Carole Vance, as well as nearly every lesbian and gay graduate student I've ever met.

DURING THE teach-in Bérubé will sketch a history of American "sex panics"; Maura Bairley of the New York City Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project (AVP) will report that earlier this year sixty-seven men were arrested over two days in a single World Trade Center restroom; attorney Bill Dobbs will explain the new city zoning law due to close an estimated 85 percent of New York's 175 adult businesses; and a mustachioed drag king named Murray Hill will campaign for mayor. But it is hard for me to shake the feeling that these performances are beside the point. This crowd is angry. In his introductory remarks, Kendall Thomas refuses to identify the people he calls "the backlash boys—gay positive but sex negative." But the speakers who follow him are not so reticent, and the crowd rewards anyone who mentions Rotello, Signorile, Kramer, or Sullivan with hisses, boos, and laughs. The men and women here tonight feel sure of their enemies, and as the evening advances, these enemies condense into one creature, a hyphenated neoconservative bogeyman named Rotello-Signorile-Kramer-Sullivan.

Where did this sex-negative monster come from? And as a wounded Signorile asked in print several weeks later, "Why would esteemed scholars...do this?"

AT THIS POINT, Rip van Winkles of lesbian and gay politics may be scratching their heads, even if they have napped for only a couple of years. Andrew Sullivan and Larry Kramer are allies? Kramer famously helped to instigate both the Gay Men's Health Crisis (GMHC) and the AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power (ACT UP). Sullivan sprang to prominence as the Roman Catholic Thatcherite appointed to edit *The New Republic*. How could they be confused?

Every member of Sex Panic I speak to either regrets or downplays the group's ad hominem attacks and name-calling. (A late revision of the teach-in flyer excised the word "Turdz.") "It's a mistake to focus on these individuals," Lisa Duggan says. "The mud-wrestling scene is not interesting." But it might not be wise to look away from the brawl too soon. The emotions in this debate stem from intellectual disagreements that are no less sharp for being hard to see.

Some of these disagreements pit the value of gay male promiscuity against the dangers of HIV transmission. Others involve the struggle for authority between ivory-tower academics and market-savvy journalists. But perhaps the sharpest disagreement is over something called queer theory. Relatively new, queer theory represents a paradigm shift in the way some scholars are thinking about homosexuality. It proposes that traditional notions of lesbian and gay identity may be as confining as homophobia itself. Queer theory's presiding spirit is Michel Foucault; its stars are Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick and Judith Butler. But it was Michael Warner, now one of Sex Panic's informal leaders, who in 1993 put together the anthology that crystallized queer theory as a movement: *Fear of a Queer Planet* (Minnesota). As Warner wrote in his introduction to that collection, queers don't want "simple political interest-representation." To liberalism's offer to tolerate lesbians and gays as just another minority, queer theory says no. Instead, queer theory declares it opposes all identity pigeonholes on principle and aligns itself with anyone who troubles gender or sexual norms, including drag queens, transsexuals, and sex workers. According to Warner, the move from "gay" to "queer" is a radical change, representing "a more thorough resistance to regimes of the normal." Despite the highly theoretical vocabulary, in Warner's view, queer theory has a distinct politics, and Sex Panic is an instance of that politics put into practice.

padlocked sex
more men in gay cruisi
the Village. Queer New York is being shut down. Not
faced so much harassment. What is our response?
TURDZ!
real questions. They say we caused AIDS, they blame us for spreading it;
they tell us to get married. Andrew Sullivan, Michelangelo Signorile, Larry
Kramer, and Gabriel Rotello talk all the time. But look what they're saying:
they don't like gay culture, they don't believe in safer sex, they don't
trust you. They reduce lesbians to sexless homebodies and want gay
men to be the same. Are shame, enforced monogamy, and
values what you want?

THOUGH Sex Panic now tags them as "neoconservative," gay reporters Gabriel Rotello and Michelangelo Signorile began their careers in good standing with the left. Both got their start at New York City's legendary *Outweek* magazine, pioneer of a new, brasher, and more sophisticated gay journalism. Signorile headed ACT UP New York's media committee from 1988 to 1990 and was one of four co-founders of the activist group Queer Nation. As the advance guard and lightning rod of the outing controversy, he was once praised by Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick as "the Jacques Derrida of gossip," a deconstructor of the closet. Rotello spent years writing angry articles about the politics of AIDS in what he calls a "guerrilla war against the pernicious agenda of blame." He vehemently attacked Michael Fumento's *The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS*, which labeled gays "the rats and fleas of the new plague." Rotello could be speaking

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SEX PANIC MEMBERS AT GAY PRIDE PARADE, 1997

DOMESTIC PARTNERS REGISTRY
SAN FRANCISCO, 1996

CALEB CRAIN (LEFT) REUTERS/LOU DEMATTEIS/ARCHIVE PHOTOS (RIGHT)

To Michael Warner, sex with a stranger is "transformative."

for both Signorile and himself when he writes that throughout most of his career "I not only followed the party line, I helped write it."

The party line among gay activists in the early 1990s held that AIDS need not mean the end of gay sexual liberation. With condoms and a little versatility, gays could figure out "How to Have Promiscuity in an Epidemic," as the title of a Douglas Crimp essay put it. But several years ago, that consensus on AIDS and gay sex started to disintegrate. Epidemiologists had long noted that despite aggressive campaigns to promote condoms, roughly a third of gay men continued to have unprotected anal sex. In a survey of predominantly sexually active gay men conducted in New York City between 1993 and 1995, for example, 32.1 percent of the HIV-negative men had had unprotected receptive anal sex within the previous three months. For years, gays had managed to celebrate their successes in HIV prevention without confronting this stubborn remainder. But in late 1994, although the facts had not changed, the willingness of the gay community to talk about them had.

One catalyst was a Berkeley–based psychologist named Walt Odets. While counseling his uninfected patients, Odets uncovered a number of reasons a gay man might want to expose himself to HIV: guilt over surviving HIV-positive lovers and friends, fear of losing his emotional connection to them, envy of the support and respect accorded to people with AIDS, a wish to be punished for sexual desires that society had taught him to despise, and anxiety to be done with waiting for a seroconversion felt to be inevitable. More controversially, Odets felt that in some (rare) cases, a gay man in good mental health might decide that unprotected sex meant enough to be worth the risk. In conference papers and privately circulated essays that formed the basis of his 1995 book *In the Shadow of the Epidemic: Being HIV-Negative in the Age of AIDS* (Duke), Odets criticized the peppy and diffuse messages that HIV-prevention workers had glibly handed out with condoms. Almost single-handedly, Odets dismantled what he called "one of the truly grand fallacies of the epidemic: Gay men are doing just fine with safer sex, thank you very much."

Odets is central to the Sex Panic debate. Although they're on opposite sides of the fence, Signorile and Warner both cite Odets's work to support their arguments. Not coincidentally, Signorile and Warner are also two of the best-known gay figures to confess to unsafe sex in print. In a September 1994 column for *Out* magazine, Signorile reported letting himself be fucked by a Navy officer—a "classic gay hunk: tall and masculine, with a buzzed haircut, razor-sharp cheekbones, a body of granite, and a Texas drawl." In a January 1995 article for *The Village Voice*, Warner, then HIV-negative, reported a series of intoxicating unsafe encounters where "the quality of consciousness was...like impulse shoplifting." Warner described how powerless he felt, writing that "my monster was in charge."

The experience of unsafe sex challenged both men to come to new understandings of themselves. The journalist looked to the culture around him. Signorile began to criticize the unexamined gay hedonism

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that had encouraged him to put a higher value on sex with a well-muscled Navy officer than on his own health. He wrote passionately, if somewhat sensationally, about the steroids, drugs, extravagant parties, and "body fascism" that he felt narrowed and crippled gay life.

The queer theorist, on the other hand, looked inward, to the unruly and asocial force within him that wanted to be unsafe. Struggling to articulate a new, distinctively queer approach to HIV prevention, Warner warned AIDS educators that "the appeal of queer sex, for many, lies in its ability to violate the responsibilizing frames of good, right-thinking people." While Signorile urged gay men to reform their sexual ethics, taking the feminist attempt to reform straight men in the 1970s as a model, Warner argued that sex between men, as a queer act, would always escape if not defy ethical systems. At the very least, a queer effort at HIV prevention would have to resist concealing unconventional or self-destructive sexual desires under

in 1995 the city made nearly fourteen hundred separate inspections of between forty and fifty establishments, issued warnings to thirty, and shut down nine.

GALHPA's actions infuriated Warner and many other activists, who suspected Rotello of hiding a hostility to sex inside the Trojan horse of a public health campaign. According to Warner, Rotello's attack on the sex clubs mistook gay culture's innovative, nonstandard forms of sexual intimacy for "a

MICHELANGELO SIGNORILE

but to potentially limitless numbers of people, and that's why it's important that it be with a stranger. Sex with a stranger is like a metonym."

To counter GALHPA's activities, Warner started an organization of his own: the AIDS Prevention Action League (APAL), a precursor to Sex Panic. Both groups petered out as the issue dropped from news coverage, but one legacy of the 1995 debate was that a group of prominent academics realized that the state regulation of public sex was an activity they wanted to oppose.

QUEER theorists take as a founding principle the counterintuitive suggestion that Foucault made at the conclusion of the first volume of his *History of Sexuality:* "The rallying point for the counterattack against the deployment of sexuality ought not to be sex-desire, but bodies and pleasures." According to Foucault, lesbians and gays would not be liberated if they affirmed that their sexual desires defined their identities; they would only be further

"Gay culture's view of sexual entitlement," writes Rotello, "has

a moral prohibition.

Meanwhile, Rotello's journalism had undergone a sea change. He had come to believe that, although his old enemy Fumento had been homophobic, what he had predicted was turning out to be true: In America, gays were offering HIV an ecological niche that non-drug-injecting heterosexuals did not and probably would never offer. When a bathhouse called the West Side Club opened in New York City in January 1995—the first in over a decade—Rotello attacked, calling it "a bathhouse like the legendary bathhouses of old, those bustling hives of contagion that helped spread death throughout the gay male world." Rotello and a new group, Gay and Lesbian HIV Prevention Activists (GALHPA), insisted that any sex club that condoned behavior riskier than voyeurism and mutual masturbation should be shut. In their zeal, GALHPA (although not Rotello personally) met with city officials and broke one of the most solemn taboos of gay activism: They asked the government to intervene. Health officials agreed that more careful monitoring of sex clubs was warranted. According to the local newspaper *LGNY*,

GABRIEL ROTELLO

pathological, instinct-driven, thoughtless, reductive animality." Sex clubs, Warner points out, are sometimes the first place where queers who spend childhoods in alienation at last find themselves. Anonymous gay sex can be "transformative," he adds, pointing out that most straight people never experience anything remotely like it. Talking about public sex, Warner sounds almost Whitmanesque. "The phenomenology of a sex club encounter is an experience of world making. It's an experience of being connected not just to this person

inveigled into a way of thinking that labeled and policed them. Instead, Foucault suggested, all people, whether classed as homosexual or heterosexual, should resist categorization by breaking down sexual identities into their component acts and by divorcing the practice of sex from the tyrannous insistence that it mean something.

The premiere of queer theory is Duke's Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, a married woman who writes about male-male sexuality with such empathy and acumen that she has lured hundreds of graduate students into following in her footsteps. Her prose has both cosmopolitan flair and a generous spirit that opens up new vistas, finding homoeroticism (and its fertile twin, the fear of homoeroticism) in authors whose writing has long gone unsuspected. Meanwhile, Berkeley professor of rhetoric and comparative literature Judith Butler has given to queer theory a certain density of vocabulary and the notion that gender is a kind of involuntary drag. For her, sexual identity is a straitjacket—not a pretty frock you don or doff at will. The best way for lesbians and gays to loosen the stays, Butler suggests, is to

DAVID MORGAN (ABOVE); MICHAEL WAKEFIELD (BELOW)

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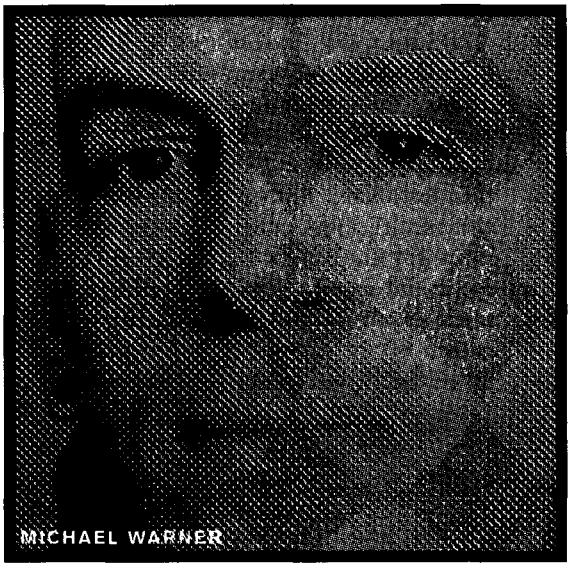
acknowledge, highlight, and exploit the artifice and provisional nature of all identities.

Sex Panic's Michael Warner came to queer theory from an unexpected direction. His first book, *The Letters of the Republic* (Harvard), explored the cultural meanings of print in colonial America's emerging public sphere. The subject was Habermasian, not even remotely homosexual—and that remoteness seems to be what incited Warner to edit *Fear of a Queer Planet*. Lesbian and gay studies, he felt, had been examining subjective and aesthetic angles to the exclusion of social ones. And social theory had been taking heterosexuality for granted. Queerness offered a way to rethink both the social realm and the place of homosexuality within it.


MICHAEL WARNER

But when queer theory investigated the social, it discovered that almost the only thing all lesbians and gays have in common is a memory of noncommunity. Queers, Warner declared, are "a kind of social group fundamentally unlike others" because, unlike most members of a race, ethnicity, or gender, individual queers spend their childhoods in isolation, sometimes even hating the group they will later identify with. For Warner, the shared queer experience of not belonging is not merely a wound or defect but an underappreciated political force: He celebrates it as "an objection to the normalization of behavior in [a] broad sense."

been intellectualized by gay academics in scandalous ways."

Queer theory yields a politics very different from that of traditional lesbian and gay identity. To visualize the difference, it might help to borrow an image from Gayle Rubin's essay "Thinking Sex." Imagine that society controls and defines sex by drawing a "charmed circle" around it. Inside the charmed circle are all the good and normal kinds of sex—for example, married, heterosexual, monogamous. Outside are all the bad and unhealthy kinds, such as promiscuous, sadomasochistic, for money. For the last half century, homosexuality has been a disputed border territory, half in, half out. If the goal of lesbian and gay politics is to bring homosexuality inside Rubin's charmed circle, then the goal of queer politics is quite different—to abolish the circle altogether or, where this seems impossibly utopian, to remain outside the circle as an act of protest.

As an issue that draws out the antagonisms between lesbian and gay identity and its queer critique, public sex—in clubs, parks, or restrooms—is exemplary. Sex Panic's willingness to shelter almost any kind of nonstandard sexual behavior under its umbrella confounds a traditional gay activist like Signorile. "I think most people who've come out of the closet don't have a lot of concern for married men who get arrested in toilets," Signorile says. His allegiance is to men and women who have publicly identified themselves as homosexual and can therefore be engaged in dialogue and changed and mobilized politically by the gay culture.

In the language of queer theory, Signorile speaks a "minoritizing discourse," a term coined by Sedgwick in *Epistemology of the Closet*. For him, gay identity defines a subset of the population, and closet cases are deserters in this minority's battle for recognition. Warner and Sex Panic, on the other hand, speak what Sedgwick calls a "universalizing discourse." They see what married men do in tearooms as their business because they feel that disowned, deviant desires affect everyone in society, even (or perhaps, especially) those who do not admit or act on them.

Queer theory's taste for public sex and its distaste for community norms are both evident in *Policing Public Sex: Queer Politics and the Future of AIDS Activism* (South End Press, 1996). Released in the wake of the 1995 GALH-PA-APAL wars, the anthology was edited by Dangerous Bedfellows, a collective of NYU graduate students. "We are focusing on acts rather than identities," the collective declares in the introduction, sounding a distinctly queer note. Along with analytic essays, *Policing* includes interviews with sex-club owners, transcripts of legal documents, Odets on HIV prevention, and Bérubé on the history of bathhouses.

The book also contains evidence of queer theory's troubled relation to ethics. The editors' desire to "screw with the notion of a totalizing queer leadership class or gay 'community'" lets in voices that are radically free of any tribal or group affiliation. But in politics, as opposed to literary criticism, it can be unsettling to listen to a voice unconstrained by responsibility to a community. Between the same covers, Odets's chapter on HIV prevention lies uneasily with the essay by the HIV-positive former porn star Scott O'Hara, who writes, "The life of a Negative, at this point in our history, seems to me to be the most irrelevant and pointless of positions," and who applauds the attractive "strong personality" of a friend who intentionally got himself infected. And

ROBERT FOX/IMPACT VISUALS

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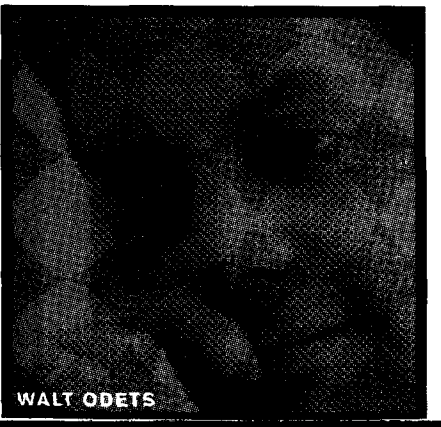
it is not reassuring to hear the owner of the West Side Club both deny that what he runs is a sex club and say, "If I were to get AIDS today, it's my own fucking fault. I deserve it"—apparently restricting the blame for infections that occur in his club to the decisions his clients make as individuals.

In places, the theoretical sophistication of *Policing* seems only a shade removed from old-fashioned rationalization. In an April 1994 *Newsday* article, for example, Rotello had described the unprotected anal intercourse that he witnessed in a sex club as a "sex murder/suicide." Upset by his imagery, Dangerous Bedfellow Alison Redick analyzes Rotello's text as follows:

> Several false equations are at work in this account. First, the act—unprotected anal sex—is equated with the contraction of the virus, which is then equated with death. Not only is this an inaccurate set of conclusions, based on assumptions about the serostatus of the individuals engaged in the act, but the equation AIDS = Death produces a representation of the disease that is both dangerous to PWAs and complicit in homophobic reactions against the epidemic.

Rotello's representation is alarmist, and Redick is correct to say he condenses probabilities into certainties. But anal sex without condoms is the most common way gay men become infected with HIV; seroprevalence among gay men in cities is widely estimated to be 50 percent; and although people infected with HIV may live for decades—especially now, thanks to new protease inhibitor treatments—there is not yet a cure for AIDS. Rotello's characterization may strike Redick as homophobic, but her critique looks uncomfortably like denial. Why shouldn't it anger Rotello to watch two men who do not know each other fuck without rubbers? Sorrow or concern might also be an appropriate response, but merely to parse the representational politics seems a little cool.

ALMOST a year after the Dangerous Bedfellows anthology appeared, Signorile and Rotello elaborated their side of the public-sex debate into book-length arguments. In April 1997, Rotello released *Sexual Ecology: AIDS and the Destiny of Gay Men* (Dutton). In May, Signorile followed his friend's book with *Life Outside: The Signorile Report on Gay Men: Sex, Drugs, Muscles, and the Passages of Life* (HarperCollins). Both titles build on the writers' earlier journalism. Signorile criticizes gay culture for allowing its aesthetic and moral values to be set by a small group of wealthy white men—known as "the circuit," "the scene," or "the A-list"—who consult only their own pleasure. Rotello hammers away at what he calls the "condom code," the belief that condoms can both prevent HIV transmission and preserve gay liberation's experiment in sexual permissiveness. Adopting the language of ecology, Rotello calls condoms a "technological fix," an attempt to erase a problem's consequences without confronting its underlying cause—in Rotello's opinion, the gay-male norm of multiple, concurrent partners. Rotello demands a rethinking and an adjustment of sexual behavior by gays as a community, not just as individuals, because mathematical models predict HIV transmission rates will not fall so long as even a small "core group" of gays continue to be highly promiscuous.


WALT ODETS

Odets tried to find out why a man might expose himself to HIV

LISA DUGGAN

Rotello knew whom he was likely to anger most. "Gay culture's very male view of sexual entitlement," he writes, "has been intellectualized by gay academics in ways that would be considered scandalous if they were coming from straight men talking about women." Then, in late May, as if to throw salt in the queers' wounds, Larry Kramer praised *Sexual Ecology* in an editorial that excoriated gays for enshrining promiscuous sex at the center of their literature and culture. "Do we see Anna Karenina being fucked by her husband or her lover once, twice, a hundred times?" Kramer asked. "In her cunt, up her ass? Then being tied up and pissed upon? Surely gay culture is more than cocks."

Queers struck back almost at once. Sex Panic was born in the apartment of Treatment Action Group staffer Gregg Gonsalves, after an April meeting of an HIV-positive support group that included Warner. "We had our support group," Gonsalves says, "and at the end, it moved to talking about Gabriel Rotello's new book, and we all got sort of exercised about it."

"We were just sitting around and talking about how depressing it was that we kept hearing these stories about bars being closed," says Warner. "And then we kept turning to the gay press, and instead of seeing coverage about this or resistance to it, we would see these reactionary screeds by Rotello and Signorile." Says Gonsalves, "And we thought, why don't we do something about this?"

Gonsalves recruited among grassroots activists, and Warner, along with art critic Douglas Crimp (whose boyfriend, Damien Jack, is a member of the same support group), recruited scholars. About fifty people showed up at the first Sex Panic organizational meeting in late May. Kendall Thomas, who teaches critical race theory at Columbia, suggested a teach-in as the group's first event.

The involvement of Warner and Crimp would itself be reason enough to link Sex Panic to queer theory, but Warner spells out the connection explicitly. He points to the participation in Sex Panic of many

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY PHOTO BUREAU (ABOVE) DUKE UNIVERSITY PRESS (BELOW)

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who do not identify as lesbian or gay, ranging from straight men and married women to people allied with the transgender and female sex-worker communities. Says Warner, "We're not simply advocating a redemptive gay identity and its acceptance by the mainstream."

But how do you mobilize people to act politically for their desires? And what kind of politics emerges if you make the attempt? Queerness, as Warner defines it, undermines a great deal. It opposes "not just the normal behavior of the social but the idea of normal behavior." This might be wishful thinking—as charming and as unlikely to be realized as Godwinian anarchy—but queer theorists claim they take subversion as a principle, not a gesture. Queers want to rescue desires that have been disavowed by society, and as a matter of principle they refuse, while doing so, to judge or master them. But won't the things queers discover on these missions of nonrecovery always appear as violations of the ethical system they resurface into? "We might even say," Warner writes, "that queer politics opposes society itself." Shouldn't self-conscious queers, then, expect society to panic at the sight of them?

During the question-and-answer period after the teach-in, a man stood up to announce he was "what is known under Megan's Law as a sexually dangerous predator," jailed for four years for having sex with underage boys and now tracked by the police. He was met with a silence that was both stunned and respectful. In the history of lesbian and gay activism, sex with minors has often been the issue that forces new grassroots movements to decide what to include and what to exclude from their own charmed circles. This government-tagged sexual predator represents a question Sex Panic has not yet answered. No one in the room either seconded or reproached him. But he may yet force Sex Panic to choose between political viability and pure queerness.

At the very end of the evening, another man stood up and falteringly said that he felt the gay community's celebration of multipartner sex made it more difficult for him to maintain an exclusive, long-term relationship. He was interrupted and heckled—the only instance of either behavior during the teach-in. Someone in the audience cattily suggested that the man join Sexual Compulsives Anonymous. As Kendall Thomas admitted at the time, the Sex Panic teach-in was a "frankly partisan gathering." Still, it is odd that the side of this debate in favor of destigmatizing sexual desires cannot listen to a would-be monogamist as indifferently as to a convicted pedophile.

AT first glance, it is hard to see why gay marriage and promiscuity cannot lie down together peaceably, the lambs beside the wolves. And in fact a peaceable kingdom is Sex Panic's explicit position. "In order to be for a sexual culture," says Warner, "you don't have to be against

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intimacy or against couples or against commitment. It's a false choice."

But at stake is a community norm, not individual choices. The fight to set that norm is a zero-sum game, even if individual decisions to respect, defy, or ignore it are not. Defenders of gay marriage certainly see it that way. As Rotello wrote in *The Nation,* "The core of the [queer] objection—that marriage would provide status to those who married and implicitly penalize those who did not—seems essentially correct." Or as Jonathan Rauch wrote in a *New Republic* essay that Warner likes to quote, "It is not enough...for gay people to say we want the right to marry. If we do not use it, shame on us."

Queers may doubt and resist norms, but the ferocity of Sex Panic's response suggests they too sense that on this question, only one side will win. Rauch's use of the word shame "should really trouble anyone who has progressive politics and supports gay marriage," Warner says. "It also shows that however liberal people like Rauch and Sullivan claim to be, they're constantly abjecting a negative image of gay men who have sex."

It may be that Sex Panic's catholic sex positivity is the group's most valuable contribution to the debate over HIV prevention. Warner insists on understanding why some men have high-risk sex. "Moralizing may help us feel superior, but it's not going to help them," he says. "There's a utopian longing behind almost all of these things that some people want to just dismiss. That's what queer theory can bring to the discussion."

At times, Rotello and Signorile suggest that merely to talk about the motives behind unsafe sex is tantamount to approval. In *Sexual Ecology,* for example, Rotello wrote, "If gay men begin to make a virtue of confessing that they don't always have safer sex...won't that create a new community norm in which unsafe sex is acceptable?" Rotello now says that if he could make only one revision to *Sexual Ecology,* he would clarify that he is in favor of men talking about why they have unsafe sex—if their goal is to get community support not to have unsafe sex in the future. But it is also true that against Odets's sympathetic depth psychology of sexual risk takers Rotello's book pits a dismissive list of the "justifications and excuses" gay men use when asked why they have unsafe sex.

EVERY Thursday night at eight o'clock, Sex Panic meets at the Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center. The only structure to the meetings is a ring of chairs and a pair of co-facilitators, who change weekly. When I visited, the group was planning two September events: a second teach-in, this time at the NYU law school, and a historical slide show by Bérubé that would double as a protest against a new curfew on the West Village piers—a curfew that Sex Panic says is being selectively enforced against young queers of color.

How effective is Sex Panic as a political force? "Controversy is the tool [we] have right now," Bérubé says. "We make a little disturbance so people notice there are other voices." When university professors stand up to defend public sex, people pay attention. But although they drew a sizable audience, Sex Panic lost its first scrimmage against Rotello and Signorile with a fumble.

Key to the message of Sex Panic's first teach-in was its urgency. "Not since Stonewall have we faced so much harassment," their flyer read. Sex Panic's claim of a shutdown stood on two legs. First, according to the Anti-Violence Project, more gay men were reporting that the police had arrested them for public lewdness than in previous years. Second, the city had recently closed a number of gay

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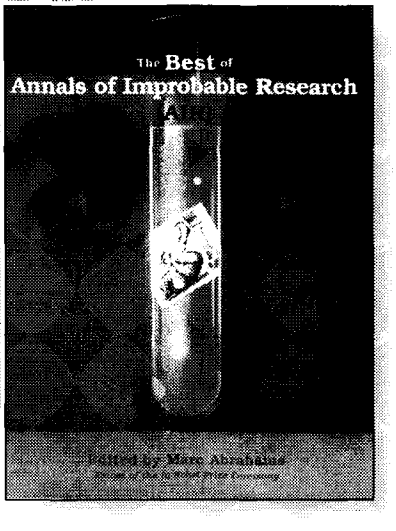

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bars and clubs. For Sex Panic, these two phenomena were linked. At the teach-in, Maura Bairley of AVP accused authorities of "smoking gay and lesbian people out of the clubs, onto the streets, and into the jails."

Unfortunately, no one in Sex Panic had researched either claim thoroughly. When pressed by *LGNY,* AVP, to its credit, offered hard numbers. Comparing its data on the first six months of 1997 to its data on the first six months of 1996, the organization reported a 61 percent rise in arrests for public lewdness. But the raw numbers AVP released were less impressive: Eighteen arrests were reported to the group during the first half of 1996, twenty-nine during the first half of 1997. Scattered over half a year, eleven additional arrests in New York City looked like something less than a crackdown.

Rotello and *LGNY* editor Paul Schindler also dissected the club closings Sex Panic had lumped together. Several had been closed under charges of drug trafficking—for example, those owned by Peter Gatien, a mogul of straight as well as gay nightlife. Others were shut for failing to have the cabaret license required by New York City law to permit dancing—an expensive legal hurdle but one that many gay clubs meet. Again, the monolithic image of oppression targeted at gays seemed to crumble.

In Chelsea, the current roost of New York City's itinerant homosexual community, a new boutique, café, or bar for lesbians and gays seems to open every month. The West Side Club that so angered Rotello in 1995 is still in business. Furthermore, as Rotello notes, "the current edition of *Homo Xtra* lists thirty-six advertised venues where gay men can 'get off' in commercial sex establishments in New York."

If Sex Panic has not been crying wolf, its members need to explain why. They point to 1995, when the city closed many adult theaters because agitation by Rotello and GALHPA had brought higher surveillance, as documented in the *Policing* anthology. But as *LGNY*'s Duncan Osborne has reported, since January 1997 New York's health department has issued only one warning and closed only one establishment—and that temporarily—which suggests that the panic in question may already be over.

Warner responds to *LGNY*'s coverage by spinning it. Rotello, he points out, has moderated his once-strident language. "Compare Rotello's rhetoric now with his tabloid columns a couple of years ago," Warner says. "He seems to have realized that he is in danger of losing support in the middle.... The rightward slide of the debate has been slowed."

Duggan offers a more provocative answer. She points out that when clubs closed in the 1950s no public official admitted to a coordinated crackdown. "It is correct that there is no conspiracy," Duggan writes by e-mail, hypothesizing that instead there is an uncoordinated trend caused by larger forces, which are also squelching public spaces for debate and expression nationwide by defending the National Endowment for the Arts and corporatiz-

SEX PANIC AT GAY PRIDE, 1997

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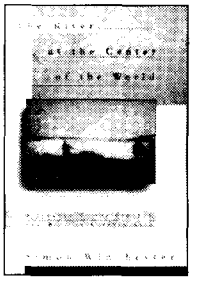

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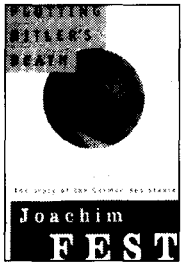

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Panic letter writer, "No honest, nonjudgmental discussion of how AIDS happened to gay men, or how it could be contained, should be ruled off the table because somebody believes it's offensive."

IN A recent *Nation* article that attacked "right-leaning gay talking heads" for monopolizing the media, Warner wrote that "the phone lines have been cut" between mainstream gay journalists and liberationist queer academics. Indeed, I could only find one scholar in lesbian and gay studies with even an attenuated good word for Rotello. Martin Duberman, Distinguished Professor of History at CUNY and founder of its Center for Lesbian and Gay Studies, gave Rotello's *Sexual Ecology* a qualified favorable review—in *The Nation,* of all places. When I tell Duberman that his review surprised Michael Warner, among others, he chuckles. "I was a little surprised myself," he says. "That's what happens when you keep an open mind."

Duberman had reservations about Rotello's book. It disturbed him that Rotello wanted to regulate sexual behavior but had not spelled out how to reconcile that goal with individual freedoms. He found some of Rotello's generalizations—about "the ageless lessons of social cohesion," for example, or the lesbian ideal of "fidelity in relationships"—to be sonorous rather than accurate. And he sensed that Rotello's heart was in "the inherent superiority of monogamy" to an extent not entirely justified by epidemiology alone.

Queer theory opposes all identity pigeonholes on principle an

ing large portions of public life. The city's sanitizing of Times Square for Disney, she feels, is emblematic of this process.

Against the press's steady salvo of facts, Sex Panic fires back with interpretations. It is a tactical mistake that academics in the humanities often make when attacked by journalists; to say Rotello's discourse is homophobic or sex negative does not answer his claims about the epidemiology of AIDS. As Rotello retorted to a Sex

In fact, when I relay Warner's defense of sex clubs as "world making," Duberman agrees. "I've been defending what I've been calling sexual adventuring for thirty years," Duberman says. "This kind of adventuring is an essential part of learning about one's sexuality and forming a community. It's not like I don't believe everything that Warner is saying." Nonetheless, Duberman describes Rotello's book to me as "a conscientious and caring attempt to deal

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with what seems to be a real problem." But he is nearly alone among scholars in judging Rotello's approach to be "genuine and...worthy of respect."

While I was working on this article, a friend told me a story that helped to distill the real problem that has split the journalists and the Sex Panic scholars. (He said the story was true, but it might be urban legend; think of it as a thought experiment.) Bob has sex from time to time with Adam; they aren't boyfriends. Adam is HIV-positive, something Bob and Adam both know. Together, one evening, they pick up a third man, Chris. Bob knows that Chris is HIV-negative and that Chris does not know Adam's serostatus. While the three are in bed together, Adam starts to fuck Chris without a condom. This makes Bob anxious, but he does not say anything to stop it.

As a puzzle, the story has several easy and unsatisfactory solutions: Adam is evil, Bob is a coward, or Chris is an idiot. Probably most gay men today would choose the third solution—in part to ward off consideration of the other two, like the owner of the West Side Club when he said, "If I were to get AIDS today, it's my own fucking fault." However, what interests me about the story is not any single answer but the fact that as casually as it tumbles three men into one bed it turns gay sex into a conversation about ethics. No matter how traditional the coupling may look, there are never just two men involved when gays have sex. This is what makes anonymous queer sex utopian and metonymic for Warner and what makes monogamous gay sex ecological and responsible for Rotello.

It may be that queer theory has no questions to ask about the sex-act-cum-conversation in my friend's anecdote. A theory that resists assembling acts into identities may not be able to help individuals trying to negotiate with one another. A theory that protects sexual acts from moral valences may not be able to help gays judge and adjust their sexual behavior or reward and punish their peers. Maybe queer theory as an enterprise senses that it will look promising only as long as it speaks from outside any tribe or community. Or maybe queer theory has to stay outside by definition. But debates over ethics are always fought inside, where close quarters give the tribe's members daily evidence that people are limited, disappointed, and compromised. If queer theory stays too enraged to join this conversation, it will never be guilty of taming or trapping sex. It will always be able to point out another way of organizing sex, or not organizing it, that would be more free. It will always be able to take an ambiguous comfort in the fact that present-day sex is not the utopia it might be. But then queer theory will be only academic.

aligns itself with anyone who troubles gender or sexual norms.

Caleb Crain is a graduate student in American literature at Columbia University. His essay "Leander, Lorenzo, and Castalio: An Early American Romance" is forthcoming in *Early American Literature*.

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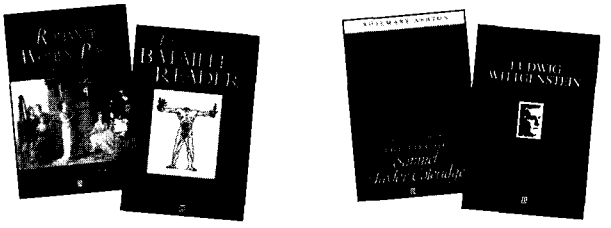

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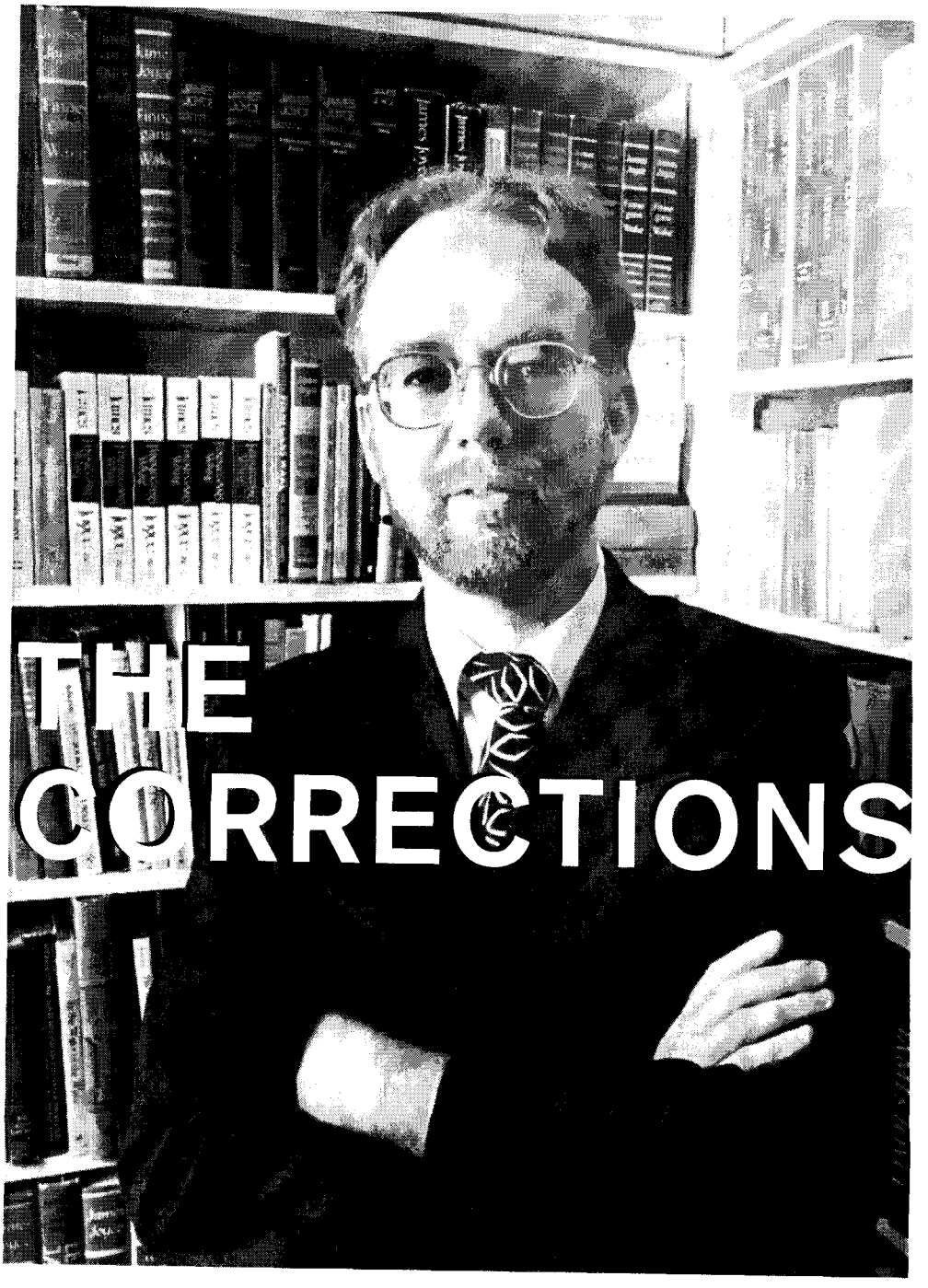

I Telemachia

TITLE

1 Telemachus
2 Nestor
3 Proteus

II Odyssey

1 Calypso
2 Lotus eaters
3 Hades
4 Aolus
5 Lestrygonians
6 Scylla and Caryb
7 Wandering Rocks
8 Sirens
9 Cyclops
10 Nausikaa

Additions

Page 3, line 7, for

Page 3, line 6 from

Page 4, line 2 from

Page 5, line 9, for

Page 9, line 5 from

Page 10, line 1, for

Page 10, line 4, for

Page 13, after verse 1

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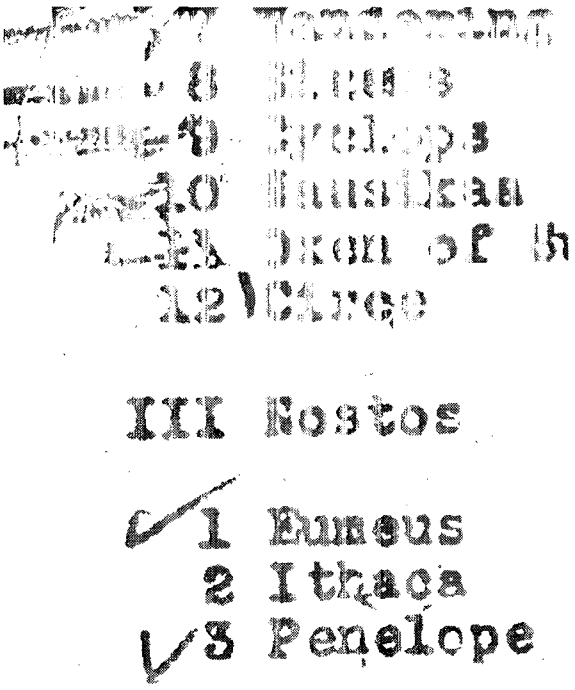
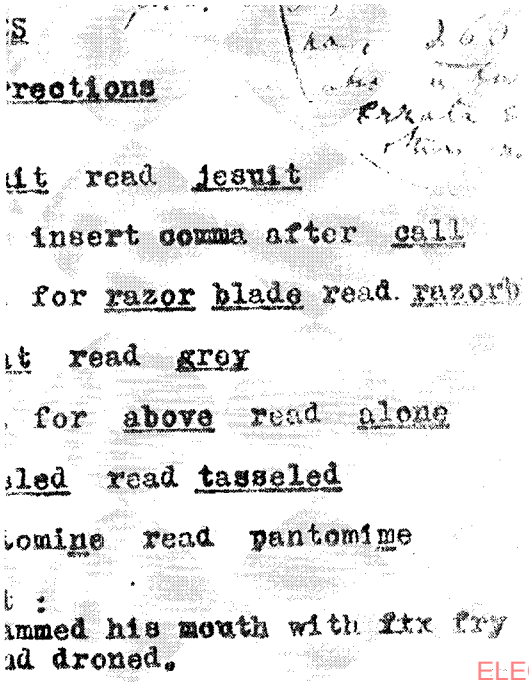


OFFICER

CAN JOHN KIDD SAVE *ULYSSES*?

BY **ROBIN BATES**



"LOOK! SIXTEEN HUNDRED CHANGES in just 'Penelope'!"

John Kidd is caught somewhere between indignation and hilarity. Over the last dozen years the director of Boston University's James Joyce Research Center has become as celebrated—and as feared—as it is possible for a scholarly editor to be. Today he's hunched over his computer, vetting a "reader-friendly" edition of *Ulysses* prepared by Irish scholar Danis Rose and newly published in Europe. Kidd has already dispatched an acerbic review of Rose's edition to *The New York Review of Books;* elsewhere, the response has been equally indignant. (*The London Review of Books* put it plainly: "Rose violates every principle and procedure of critical editing.") Why, then, is Kidd whiling away this sunny July afternoon combing, one word at a time, letter by letter, through Rose's flawed text?

"I'm not doing it for his edition, I'm doing it for me," he responds—by which he means his own long-delayed *Ulysses*, due out soon from Norton.

Rose made some 10,000 changes to the original 1922 *Ulysses* in his "people's edition" of the novel. The alleged improvements include everything from fixing Molly Bloom's nearly punctuation-free monologue to wholesale rearrangement of difficult passages. With the vast majority of the revisions, Kidd disagrees. Yet there may be a handful of cruxes that he has overlooked or that cause him to have second thoughts. Since Rose has neglected to publish his scholarly apparatus—recording the sources and explanations of his alterations—Kidd must detect the changes through sheer hard work. Over the past few weeks, he's created a massive database detailing Rose's every move. There are 10,000 data points for the "Penelope" episode alone. Kidd judges the effort necessary—and he may be right, because the battle over the editing of *Ulysses* has made him bitter enemies. When his edition appears, they will be sharpening their knives. On the book's reception may hinge his career.

A FLOOD of *Ulysses* editions is about to engulf us. Since Joyce's death in 1941 his estate (along with Random House in the United States) has held a tight grip on the novel. But the U.S. copyright is set to lapse on December 31—which means that everyone from Penguin to Oxford University Press is happily looking to undermine Random House's monopoly. Serious money is at stake: Three-quarters of a century after it was published, *Ulysses* still sells an estimated 100,000 copies world-wide every year. Within English departments, the Joyce industry has become the largest after Shakespeare. Professors need an accurate, reliable text with which to teach their students and to weave their schol-

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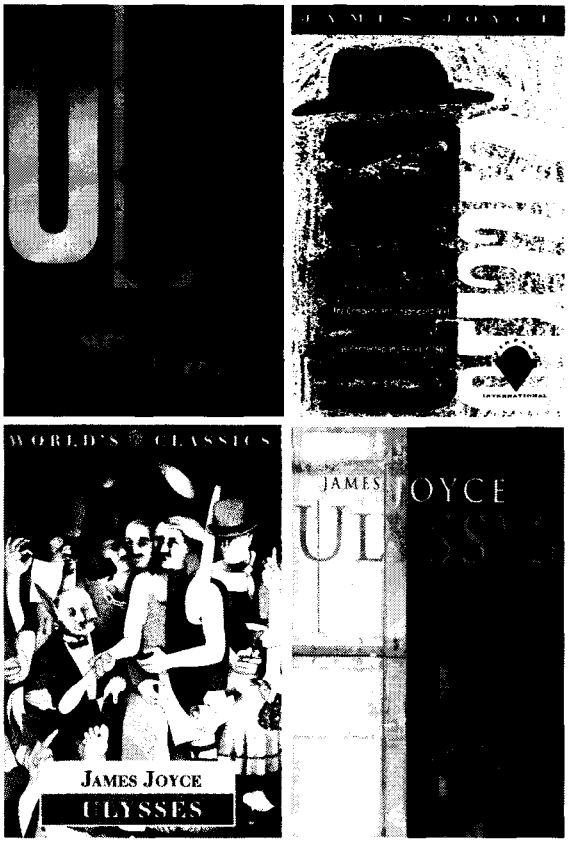
arship. They have never had one. An errata page in the 1922 edition asks the "reader's indulgence for typographical errors unavoidable in the exceptional circumstances." *Ulysses*, marred by error, has been in trouble ever since.

The production of the first edition was a shambles. How could it have been otherwise? Joyce's punctuation and his ideas about page layout were idiosyncratic in the extreme. And the book was littered with neologisms as in "The snot-green...scrotumtightening sea." When asked if there weren't enough words in the English language for him, he replied: "Yes, there are enough, but they aren't the right ones."

Further complicating matters, Joyce was living in Paris at the time and the book was typeset 150 miles away in Dijon. Conventional wisdom blames the French printers for many errors. In truth, the greater fault lies with Joyce. Instead of confining himself to proofreading (who else could vet his intentional misspellings?), he continually added new material into the margins of the typescripts and proofs. Some episodes went through nine sets and the book ballooned by more than 50,000 words. At one point Joyce had so much of the printers' type tied up that they ran out of "W"s.

Since then, publishers have tinkered endlessly with the tale of Leopold Bloom's daylong wander through Dublin. Yet as old errors were eliminated, new ones slipped in: Random House's 1961 edition, for example, cleaned up around 700 purported errors but introduced an equal number of new mistakes. Inevitably, it seemed, someone would have to start from scratch. A complete overhaul by the German textual scholar Hans Walter Gabler appeared in 1984 as the *Critical and Synoptic Edition*. It sparked one of the nastiest academic fights in recent years—and John Kidd was at the center of the furor.

THINGS didn't start out that way. Gabler's *Ulysses* was published to ringing acclaim on June 16, 1984, the eightieth anniversary of Bloomsday. The $200, 1,919-page Garland edition had all the hallmarks of a painstaking restoration: Gabler had made his name among Joyceans on the *James Joyce Archive* project, a multi-volume facsimile of Joyce's manuscripts and miscellaneous documents. As associate editor he had prepared materials relating to *Dubliners* and *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Then he had toiled on *Ulysses* for seven years, aided by graduate students and assorted advisers at the University of Munich. Diligently they erased 5,000 or more errors. The West German government coughed up a $300,000 grant (in 1977 dollars), and the James Joyce estate lent its support, hoping to secure a new seventy-five-year copyright on its most lucrative property.



Using computer technology, the Munich team had transformed the drudge-work of collating manuscripts—a task traditionally performed by scholars sitting in a circle and reading to one another. To streamline the process, Gabler's graduate students first typed in several editions of *Ulysses* in their entirety; the computer then compared different versions and automatically tossed up variants. Programming was primitive by present-day standards, but Gabler still trumpeted his "error-free input." Even more striking, Gabler's edition boasted a novel notation system: His *Ulysses* contained a "clear" reading text on the right-hand pages and a "synoptic" text on the left. The synoptic page displayed, in Gabler's somewhat cryptic phrasing, "the text as it constituted itself in the process of writing."

Most important for readers of Joyce, the Gabler edition apparently shed new light on the novel's mysteries. In a key scene Stephen is in a brothel, in a stupor, when he faces the specter of his dead mother. He asks eagerly: "Tell me the word mother.... The word known to all men." Instead of answering, she warns him to repent. Gabler, however, supplied an answer from one of Joyce's early drafts: The word is "love."

All over, Joyceans rejoiced. Twin titans Richard Ellmann and Hugh Kenner vied to be most fulsome in their praise. Ellmann, Joyce's biographer—and not uncoincidentally chief academic advisor to the Gabler project—called it "a stunning scholarly achievement." Kenner, perhaps the subtlest interpreter of Joyce and an early promoter of Gabler's work, announced it the "pot of gold at the end of a twentieth-century scholar's adventure." *The New York Times* feted Gabler's achievement with a front-page article. Hardly a murmur of dissent was heard. As *James Joyce Quarterly* editor Bob Spoo put it, there was an air of "mutually congratulatory monolithic friendliness."

Someone, however, was about to spoil the party. Thirty-two years old, John Kidd had just received his Ph.D. in comparative literature from UC-Santa Cruz, and his dissertation "Joyce's Debt to Rabelais" was his sole contribution to Joycean scholarship. Even so, he was one of the few to have observed Gabler's methods first-hand. And what he saw appalled him.

KIDD and Gabler crossed paths just as the *Critical and Synoptic Edition* was attracting radiant reviews. While completing his dissertation in the early Eighties, Kidd had traveled to Zurich, and, by

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chance, lived at the foot of the hill where Joyce lies buried. As he pored over Joyce's notes and page proofs in a Zurich archive, he became fascinated with the strings of numbers Joyce had scribbled in their margins. Others had dismissed the numbers as meaningless mathematical doodlings; Kidd wondered if they held some genuine import. For example, he observed that one set of figures corresponded to the number of words in the very first, second, and third sentences of the book. Added together they totaled forty-three. The next sentence—the fourth—is intoned by Buck Mulligan: *Introibo ad altare Dei* ("I will go up to the altar of God"). The line comes from Psalm 43, Verse 4.

Kidd uncovered countless other examples—a numeric counterpoint to the melody of endless wordplay. *Ulysses* is a book like no other: It is stuffed with jokes and puzzles, allusions to other works (including, of course, Homer's), and with subtle, self-reflexive structures. Afraid that critics were not catching on fast enough, Joyce leaked his "schema"—the title, scene, hour, organ, color, symbol, and "technic" of each episode—to friends and associates. Kidd believed that he had stumbled upon yet another hidden scheme: Joyce had added words to the page proofs at the last minute precisely to create (or preserve) such numerical games. To corroborate his theory, however, Kidd needed to understand precisely how Joyce had assembled his 1922 edition. For help, he turned to the newly famous Professor Gabler.

Kidd was made welcome and for several weeks poked around Gabler's state-of-the-art Munich offices. Instead of finding revelation, Kidd uncovered a mess. It appeared that only five of *Ulysses'* many editions had been entered into Gabler's computer database. Worse, there were key editions and printings of which Gabler was not even aware, an unforgivable sin in a textual editor. Equally disturbing, Kidd suspected that Gabler's team had relied too heavily on facsimiles of manuscripts and not sufficiently consulted the originals—another violation of scholarly protocol, and an important one. With facsimiles, it is often impossible to distinguish Joyce's inkwords from the penciled marks of the printer. The longer Kidd looked, the more it appeared Gabler's work was not as advertised.

"I went into Gabler's office one day and asked him flat out, 'What unpublished documents have you uncovered?'" Kidd says now. "He said, 'None.' Seven years and not *one* new document!" The professor brushed aside the younger scholar's questions, but Kidd returned to the United States determined to investigate. Armed with a postdoctoral fellowship at the University of Virginia, he began dismantling the *Critical and Synoptic Edition* point by point. He found that some of Gabler's computer collations had error rates as high as 40 percent. When he inquired at various Joyce archives, he was informed that Gabler had clocked in precious few hours consulting original documents.

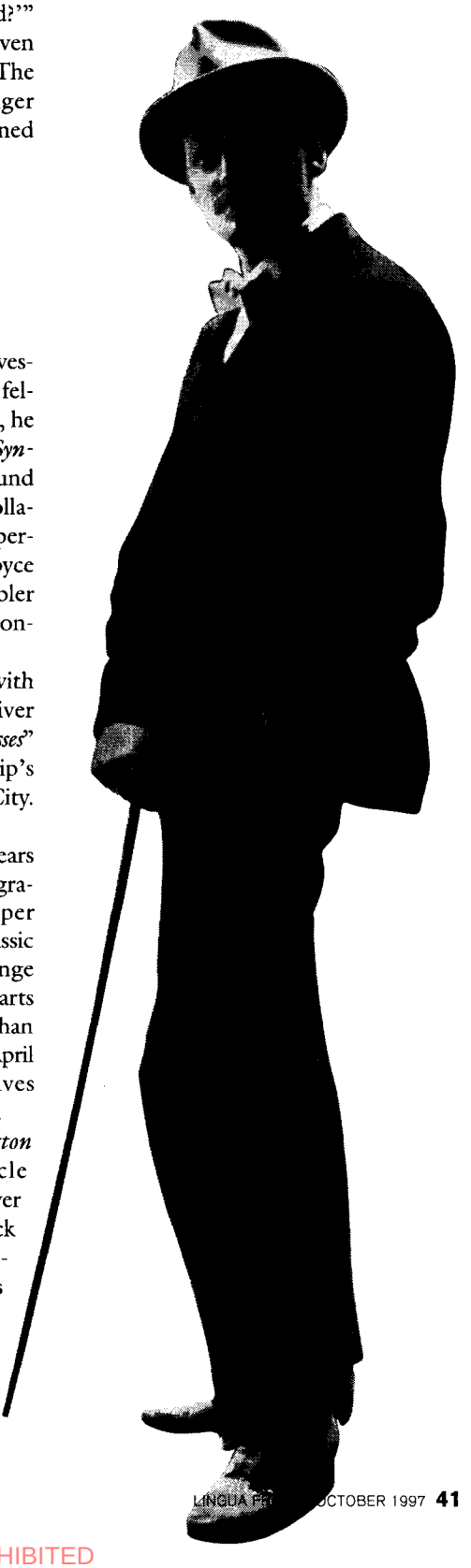
AT ONE POINT, JOYCE HAD SO MUCH OF THE PRINTERS' TYPE TIED UP THAT THEY RAN OUT OF "W"S.

By April 1985, Kidd was ready with preliminary findings: He would deliver "Errors of Execution in the 1984 *Ulysses*" at the Society for Textual Scholarship's (STS) annual meeting in New York City.

THE STS, formed only six years before, is a modest group of bibliographers who sift though endless paper preparing authoritative versions of classic authors. Their areas of expertise range from Shelley and Shakespeare to upstarts like Twain and Melville. In 1985 less than a handful were experts on Joyce. On April 25, they suddenly found themselves blinking in the media's baleful light.

Three weeks earlier *The Washington Post* had run a provocative article announcing an upcoming "battle" over *Ulysses*. *Post* reporter David Remnick had received advance word of the conference paper, and depicted Kidd as a redheaded David about to cast smooth stones at the Goliath of textual scholarship. Two large photographs of Kidd accompanied the story; he had become a visible threat to the establishment. Journalists from around the world converged to cover the combat.

And so that morning, Kidd delivered his paper—a dispassionate summary of the mistakes he had identified since his Munich trip. Gabler immediately jumped up and delivered an unscheduled response of his own. Unbeknownst to Kidd, he had acquired a bootleg copy of the talk and



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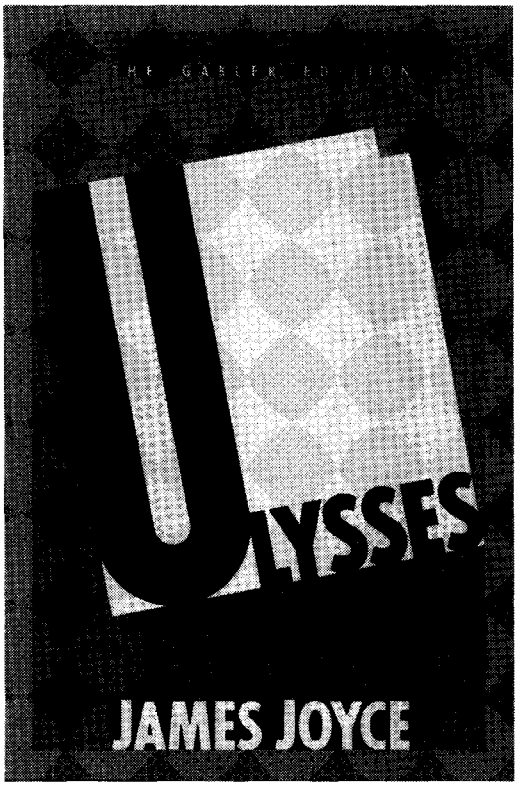
prepared a ten-page rebuttal. While Kidd had never once mentioned his opponent by name, Gabler let loose a string of ad hominem jibes: "I wish I had the privilege of answering a worthier challenge.... Dr. Kidd doesn't even appreciate truly bibliographical reasoning.... He ran off to the textbooks.... He badly bungles the issue." Gabler concluded: "Nothing has emerged from Dr. Kidd's paper to change the critical text of *Ulysses*."

Most Joyceans—the literary types—didn't know what to make of it. They were largely ignorant of the niceties of textual editing; besides, the experts had endorsed Gabler's work. Furthermore, his opponent was young, not to mention a bit unusual. David Hayman, now an elder statesman of the Joyce community, first met Kidd in 1982 at the gates of Trinity College in Dublin. "He bent my ear endlessly about numerology in Joyce," he recalls. "I thought he was a crackpot, and I continued to think that for quite a while." Among textual scholars, however, Kidd's arguments sank in. Alarm bells rang.

DESPITE the challenges to Gabler's edition, Random House went ahead with issuing a mass-market paperback called *The Corrected Text* in 1986. Kidd, meanwhile, was extending his dissection of *Ulysses*, trying to determine exactly what Joyce had written, overlooked, or abandoned at each stage of composition. By 1988, he was prepared to lay his cards on the table. He published "The Scandal of *Ulysses*" in *The New York Review of Books*—an erudite, caustically comic performance. In 9,000 words, Gabler's *Ulysses* was hung, drawn, and quartered.

The piece began in conversational style: "Until his death in 1958, Harry Thrift was known around Dublin as the man in the bicycle race in *Ulysses*." Turning to Gabler's edition, Kidd then explained the trouble with Harry: "The versions with H. Thrift cycling in the last segment of the 'Wandering Rocks'... have all been replaced with...an H. Shrift." Gabler had misread a "T" for an "S" in a facsimile and had not checked with the original manuscript!

Kidd went on to identify thirteen separate classes of error in Gabler's work, from "changes in Joyce's correct, contemporary spelling" to "illusory improvements when a character misspeaks or makes a Freudian slip, where Joyce wrote and clearly intended the slip." At one point, for example, Bloom, a bumbler in Spanish, tries to say *Buenas noches, Señorita Blanca* ("Good Night, Miss White"). Actually, Joyce has him say, *Bueñas noches, Señorita Blanca* ("Sausage Night, Miss White"). Joyce is poking fun at his hero.



KIDD CONCLUDED THAT GABLER'S CONCOCTION WAS NOT SO MUCH A BREAKTHROUGH IN EDITING THEORY AS A MISHMASH.

Gabler's edition had heedlessly perfected Bloom's Spanish. Along with accusations of sloppiness, Kidd questioned Gabler's frequent choice of variants from earlier, less developed drafts over the 1922 readings. Deriding Gabler's decision to reintroduce a description of Stephen as "handsome," Kidd wrote: "Stephen is attractive, but not a hunk.... *The Corrected Text* is marbled with the fat of such pseudo-restorations from shoulder to shank."

In the end, Kidd claimed that Gabler's misjudgments numbered in the thousands. *The Critical and Synoptic Edition*, he concluded, had been "forged of shoddy scholarship and puffed out with grandiose claims." Then he blithely declared that Random House should scrap it and reissue its 1961 edition.

The article led to a year's worth of back-and-forth in *The New York Review of Books*. Gabler insisted that he *had* thoroughly checked the original manuscripts. "For [Kidd] to assert otherwise scandalously rebounds upon himself," he wrote. (Kidd responded that Gabler had conducted only "spot checks," and then only when the facsimile was "flagrantly inadequate.")

Gabler also defended himself on theoretical grounds. The traditional Anglo-American school of textual editing—favored by Kidd—recommends choosing a published edition, usually the first, and editing that. Manuscripts and later editions are consulted for possible variants. Gabler's method was different. In light of the convoluted publishing history of *Ulysses*, he argued, there was *no* reliable edition to use as an anchor. So he decided to employ both certain Anglo-American approaches and the German "synoptic" method—an ingenious system of notation for showing the growth and development of a work. In the case of *Ulysses*, Gabler first generated a "continuous manuscript text"—a collage of Joyce's writings for the book. Having pasted everything together, he then selected what he deemed the best bits (sometimes patching together phrases Joyce wrote many years apart) to create what he termed "*Ulysses* as Joyce wrote it."

Kidd responded that Gabler's concoction was not so much a breakthrough in editing theory as a mishmash: "The breakdown is traceable to the odd theory of the *Synoptic Edition* that all the frag-

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ments in Joyce's hand from early drafts through last proof can be assembled like mosaic chips."

Most of the debate, however, had more to do with details and intuitions than with high-flown theories. The topic of names became one of the Joyce war's more surreal flashpoints. For example, four *sets* of exchanges discussed whether the name of Norman Conolly—a famous Dublin psychiatrist to whom Buck Mulligan refers in the opening episode—should be spelled with one or two "N"s. One, said Kidd; Team Gabler said two. *One! Two! One! Two!* Finally, Kidd published a photograph of the poor man's gravestone in a Dublin cemetery: CONOLLY, it read. R.I.P.

Perhaps Charles Rossman, a mild-mannered Joycean from the University of Texas at Austin, delivered the most damaging blow. Intrigued by the debate, he took a trip to Tulsa and rummaged through the Richard Ellmann archive (Ellmann had died in 1987). There, Rossman uncovered a letter in which Ellmann had voiced what many had feared but of which most dared not speak:

"I hope you can make some headway with Hans," Ellmann wrote. "Unfortunately he doesn't have a sufficiently native command of English, in spite of his high intelligence, and so he makes wrong choices based ultimately, I think, upon a deficient sense of the nuances."

Gabler's *English* wasn't good enough!

IT WAS a wonderful spectator sport. But beneath the surface, things had turned ugly. As early as the first 1985 encounter, Gabler had circulated a document accusing Kidd of "professional ineptitude" and "personal double-dealing." Among others, it went to Kidd's dean at UVA. Following the row in the *NYRB*, Gabler's Munich colleague Wolfhard Steppe sent out a ten-page rant characterizing Kidd as "drooling away in bewildering gibberish"—apparently a reference to a rumor that Kidd has grand mal epilepsy. (He does not.)

Nonetheless, the tide had begun to turn in Kidd's favor. In the summer of 1988, with the support of Roger Shattuck, Kidd was invited to Boston University, where he would establish a James Joyce Research Center. It was a big move for a postdoc. Even so, Kidd wasn't in the clear. Barely had he arrived when then-President (now Chancellor) John Silber received a flood of irate letters and phone calls.

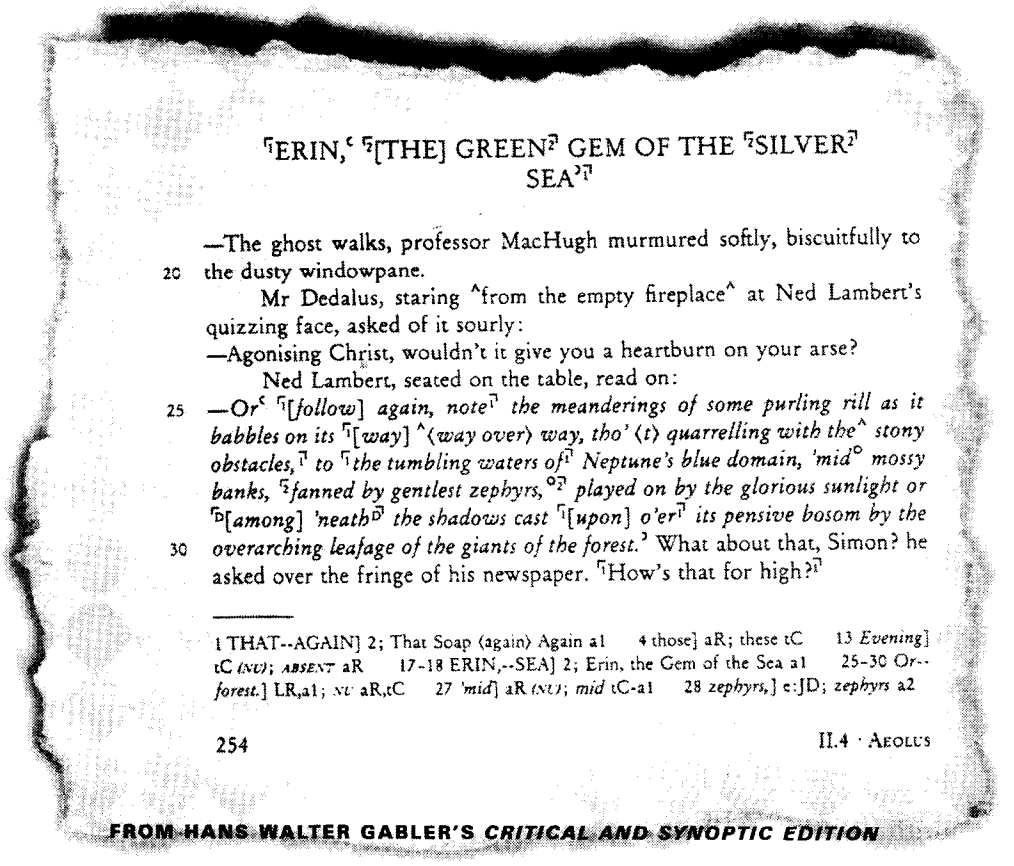
"They wanted him fired, they wanted him *silenced*," says Silber. "We got a helluva lot of heat. I mean we got a *helluva* lot of heat!" Silber, himself no stranger to controversy, considers the furor over Kidd's hiring "probably the most intense academic battle I've ever been in."

Despite the onslaught, Kidd survived. And, amazingly, Random House soon admitted defeat. In 1990, anxious to maintain hegemony over *Ulysses*, they reissued their 1961 version—just as Kidd had advised. "It will be interesting to see which edition the scholars and the public will come to favor," Random House's Martin Asher told *The New York Times*. Seven years later, the verdict seems to be in: The old, error-filled 1961 *Ulysses* classic outsells the hi-tech, "error free" Gabler by a margin of three-to-two.

All in all, it was a heady moment for the young scholar. With so much information painstakingly acquired, he was now in a position to offer his own *Ulysses*. A bidding war ensued—including a $250,000 offer from Random House itself. In the end, Kidd signed with W.W. Norton for $350,000. The project would soon envelop his life.

RICHARD Stack wants to know about an "M"—or is it an "N"? Stack, a Joyce scholar emeritus at SUNY's Purchase College, has come to the James Joyce Research Center to discuss the niceties of textual editing. He and Kidd are examining a facsimile of the final page proofs of *Ulysses*. The passage concerns a telegram Stephen Dedalus has received in Paris: "Mother dying come home father." Or does it say "Nother"—a deliberate reference by Joyce to the vagaries of the French telegraph system? Change just a letter, and you lose a tiny joke. Or you preserve one Joyce had decided against.

"That's one of the major paleographical cruxes in all of *Ulysses*," nods Kidd. In some manuscripts it appears as



⌜ERIN,ᶜ ⌜[THE] GREEN⌝ GEM OF THE ⌜SILVER⌝ SEA'⌝

—The ghost walks, professor MacHugh murmured softly, biscuitfully to the dusty windowpane.

Mr Dedalus, staring ^from the empty fireplace^ at Ned Lambert's quizzing face, asked of it sourly:

—Agonising Christ, wouldn't it give you a heartburn on your arse?

Ned Lambert, seated on the table, read on:

—Orᶜ ⌜[*follow*] *again, note*⌝ *the meanderings of some purling rill as it babbles on its* ⌜[*way*] ^⟨*way over*⟩ *way, tho'* ⟨*t*⟩ *quarrelling with the*^ *stony obstacles,*⌝ *to* ⌜*the tumbling waters of*⌝ *Neptune's blue domain, 'mid*° *mossy banks,* ⌜*fanned by gentlest zephyrs,*°⌝ *played on by the glorious sunlight or* ⌜ᵇ[*among*] *'neath*ᵇ⌝ *the shadows cast* ⌜[*upon*] *o'er*⌝ *its pensive bosom by the overarching leafage of the giants of the forest.*' What about that, Simon? he asked over the fringe of his newspaper. ⌜How's that for high?⌝

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1 THAT--AGAIN] 2; That Soap ⟨again⟩ Again a1 4 those] aR; these tC 13 *Evening*] tC *(NU)*; *ABSENT* aR 17-18 ERIN,--SEA] 2; Erin, the Gem of the Sea a1 25-30 Or--*forest.*] LR,a1; *NU* aR,tC 27 *'mid*] aR *(NU)*; *mid* tC-a1 28 *zephyrs,*] e:JD; *zephyrs* a2

FROM HANS WALTER GABLER'S *CRITICAL AND SYNOPTIC EDITION*

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"N," while in the first proofs it appears as an "M." Once or twice, it seems, Joyce corrected it. In the final proofs it appears printed as an "N"—over which someone has then scrawled "M."

"That's not Joyce's hand?" asks Stack. Kidd frowns and peers at the page.

"That *could* be Joyce's hand—no one's established that," he explains. "I originally believed that it was in Joyce's own hand and said so in print."

This is the nightmare of editing *Ulysses*: a morass of manuscripts, typescripts, and page proofs covered with corrections and additions in Joyce's crabbed hand. Even more confusing, Joyce would sometimes embrace a typist's error and exploit it for literary effect. Then there are letters and postcards with his instructions to typists, publisher, or printer. Some of the original documents have been lost.

So what to do about, say, this little "N" problem? In the end Kidd bases his judgment on a complex of evidence and aesthetics—on *everything* he has uncovered. With so many ambiguous cruxes, he admits, it is near impossible to edit a perfect *Ulysses*. The only way to come close is through exhaustive research. It is this kind of deep digging, often requiring months for any given crux, that Kidd believes will distinguish his edition. (It is also, in part, why his edition is now five years late.)

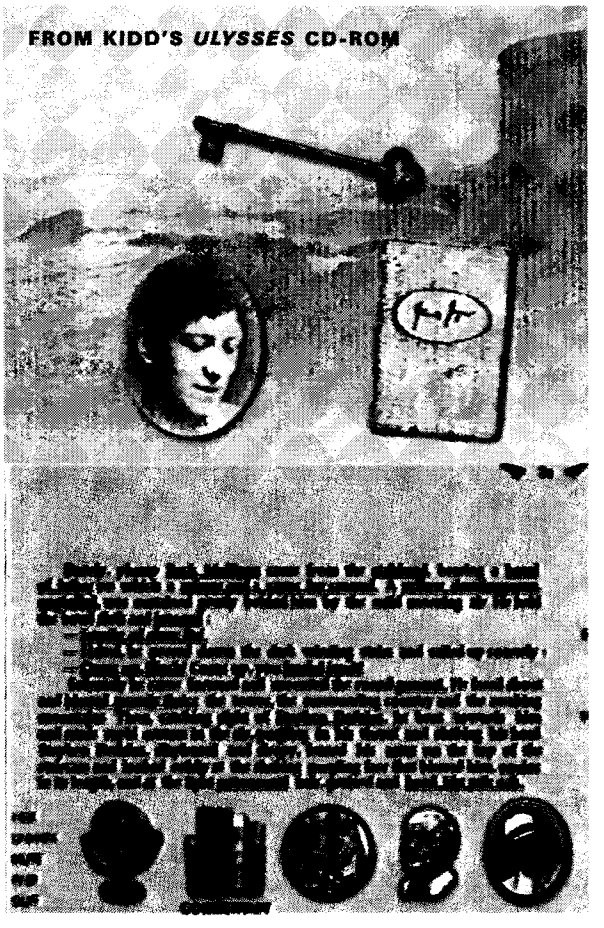
Here, Kidd tells Stack, he's going with "Nother." He's just not convinced that the final "M" on the placard is in Joyce's hand. But, he quickly adds, "it took me seven years to decide."

Next Stack asks about another knotty problem: "Mastiansky/Masliansky." The name appears most prominently in Molly Bloom's reverie at the end of the book. She is remembering her early life with Leopold when they lived in a predominantly Jewish neighborhood of Dublin. As usual with Molly, her thoughts soon turn to sex: "Mrs. Mastiansky told me her husband made her do it like the dogs do it." Joyce needed a name, any name, so long as it was Jewish and its owner had lived near St. Kevin's Parade. As he so often did, he turned to *Thom's Directory* for 1904, the equivalent of Dublin's telephone book. There, says Kidd, Joyce unknowingly encountered a typo, "Mastiansky."

"There has never been *any* family in the history of Jewry anywhere in the world named Mastiansky," Kidd declares. "I've checked everything—there are no Mastianskys on this planet! The name is *Masliansky*. You see, *Thom's* had it so gummed up."

Stack asks for Kidd's verdict. "That one took nearly *eight* years," he shrugs. "I changed it. But it's hard."

Of course, one might ask: Isn't this unnecessary meddling? Granting that *Thom's* did botch the name, why fix it?


FROM KIDD'S *ULYSSES* CD-ROM

Kidd's rationale is that Joyce's novel is littered with real-life Dubliners—people who have an actual history outside the pages of *Ulysses*. Indeed, Joyce was obsessed with getting the facts of 1904 Dublin just right. For example, he once bombarded his Aunt Josephine with postcards and letters asking if it were possible for an "ordinary person" to climb over the railings of No. 7 Eccles Street—where Leopold Bloom supposedly lived—and jump down safely. (In one postcard, Joyce noted, "I saw it done myself but by a man of rather athletic build," something the sagging Bloom is not.)

When Kidd encounters what looks like an error on Joyce's part, he tries "to find some logical subtlety behind the apparent slip"—say, a pun or a classical allusion. If nothing turns up, he makes the change. As he writes in the introduction to his edition, "I hope to honor [Joyce's] clearest intentions over his sometimes murky actions." If this attention to detail strikes some as going overboard, Kidd is—for a recent Joyce editor, at least—a model of restraint. Compared to Gabler's 5,000 corrections (and Rose's 10,000), Kidd's Norton edition will, he promises, "clock in at around 2,500."

Even the look of Kidd's work is conservative. His edition has been painstakingly designed to evoke the original 1922 edition. Just as Joyce sometimes went through nine sets of proofs, Kidd has himself been through five. It's little wonder—Kidd and his co-workers have spent thousands of hours fiddling with the design: *Ulysses*-according-to-Kidd will sport *exactly* the same number of pages as the original, 732, with thirty-seven lines per page. It has driven Norton's production department to distraction, but Kidd has even enforced hyphenation rules that mimic those of the Dijon printers—most pages have no hyphens whatsoever. ("Joyce hated hyphens," he explains.)

"I have personally approved all 27,000 lines," he says with pride. "And I've tweaked most of them." Indeed, the book's appearance is a kind of visual metaphor for Kidd's project. He's spent years engaged in arcane—almost fetishistic—labor, and yet the resulting object is almost disquietingly familiar.

DESPITE Kidd's efforts to establish a definitive text, the American reading public may soon become nearly as befuddled by *Ulysses* as Gabler. If the threat had once been too few versions of *Ulysses*, the problem may now be too *many Ulysses*. Penguin Classics plans to release a version roughly equivalent to the 1961

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Random House edition. Oxford University Press has a facsimile copy of the error-plagued 1922 First Edition—carefully proofread, presumably, to ensure that it is *precisely* wrong. Meanwhile, Flamingo/Palladin has published an edition in the UK cheekily entitled *The Uncorrected Text*.

And then there is Danis Rose's curious *Reader's Edition* (Picador). Rose has taken the unusual step of adding thousands of capital letters, italics, and punctuation marks that Joyce never used, not to mention hyphenating many of Joyce's compound words. ("Scrotumtightening" becomes "scrotum-tightening," for example.) The banner headlines of "Aeolus" are reduced to modest size, and the dramaturgical typography of "Circe" is gone altogether—all this in the service of making *Ulysses* more user-friendly. "These tiny little things, they clutter the page," says Rose. "They actually tire you out." When he test-marketed the *Reader's Edition* among his friends, they said they experienced "so much lighter a reading experience."

"OF COURSE I'M NOT A NUMEROLOGIST," SAYS KIDD. "I JUST THINK JOYCE MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

Kidd makes no such claims for his edition. His hope is to provide a clean, stable text for professors and public alike—one backed by hard work and meticulous scholarship. "It is an act of restoration" he says, "not an act of renovation, like Gabler's." He pauses. "Nor razing, like Rose's." Most readers probably won't notice many of the 2,500 changes. That suits Kidd just fine. "It's a temptation for an editor to make big changes, to leave a footprint," he says. But Kidd hopes to leave little trace.

All the same, Kidd can't help but stomp all over Rose's handiwork. While Rose claims to have checked the historical accuracy of thousands of names in *Ulysses* ("Every single name we checked"), Kidd wants to call his bluff.

"IT'S NOT Ostro*lop*sky, it's Ostro*pol*sky!" he laughs.

Kidd is on the phone, late at night, recounting his latest discovery. He has been fretting over a passage in "Circe," where—like David and Christ before him—Leopold Bloom's ancestry is recorded. In Joyce's version, "Moses begat Noah and Noah begat Eunuch and Eunuch begat O'Halloran" who, eventually, begat Bloom. Between Moses and Bloom are twenty-eight forefathers, most of whom have been identified as real people—even if Joyce didn't always get their names just right. The tenth name is "Ostrolopsky." Because the standard references say "source unknown," Rose—like every other editor—has let it be. Kidd thinks he has solved the mystery: Joyce transposed the "L" and the "P." "Ostropolsky" makes perfect sense—"the Pole from the East." A hurried visit to the BU library has revealed turn-of-the-century books by two Ostropolskys—one a rabbi, the other a teller of humorous tales in Yiddish. Either would make sense as an ancestor of Bloom. Finally, Kidd refers to a 1976 translation of *Ulysses* on his shelf. It's in Czech.

"Ostropolsky—look! These guys *knew* something was wrong," crows Kidd down the phone. "They got it right twenty years ago, and none of us realized." And so yet another last-minute change sneaks into the Kidd Edition.

Though Kidd must give up the game soon—"One more set of proofs, and we're done," he says—a few contentious copyright issues must be untangled before his edition hits bookstores. First, Norton might have to fend off its rival: Random House lawyer Leslie Oelsner insists that the "U.S. copyright does *not* lapse on 31 December 1997." In her view, Random House's copyright begins in 1934, when *Ulysses* was first published in America. Many copyright experts, however, think the 1934 copyright applies *only* to a two-and-a-half page letter from Joyce printed at the front of the book.

In addition, Norton is trying to sign a financial deal with the Joyce Estate. The publisher wants to distribute Kidd's edition globally, but recent changes in European copyright law may allow Joyce's grandson and executor, Stephen James Joyce, to secure copyright outside the United States until 2011. The notoriously cranky Stephen has a powerful incentive to reach an agreement with Norton. He has repudiated Gabler and has publicly voiced his disgust with Rose. ("If this book is to continue to be sold, the name James Joyce must be eliminated," he wrote in *TLS*. "It is our duty to protect readers from this type of charade.") Given all this, Kidd expects his lawyers to reach an accord with the Joyce estate any day now.

SINCE HE became consumed by the Joyce wars, Kidd has published little. At forty-four, he still lacks tenure while most of his opponents sit comfortably in their chairs. Kidd is a bit of a know-it-all, which can alienate acquaintances. He lives a solitary life, fiddling with his databases, debating conundrums with himself late into the night. (John Silber declares, "I don't think he has a life outside Joyce. If he does it's a damn secret, you know—known to him, God, and maybe one or two other people.") Still, those long, lonely hours are paying off. Once his Norton *Ulysses* appears, the research center will publish a preliminary account of his scholarly apparatus. When the reviews are in, he'll release a book-length *Scandal of 'Ulysses'*—his collected papers of battles past along with connecting commentary. In *The New York Review of Books* last month, he continued the fight, accusing *James Joyce Quarterly* editor Bob Spoo and others in Gabler's circle of stifling discussion and criticism. "The de facto journal of record for Joyceans, this publication...has repeatedly assigned reviews of *Ulysses* projects to the creators themselves," he writes.

Then there is *The Annotated 'Ulysses' on CD-ROM*. Containing more than 15,000 annotations and 250,000 "hot links," it will be, Kidd promises, "the

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most elaborate hypertext edition of a literary work ever produced." Created by producer Kathy White and a team of programmers, graphic artists, and graduate students, the disk has cost the James Joyce Research Center $500,000, a full $200,000 more than Kidd told BU he required. (Sighs John Silber, "He'd spend the university's whole billion-dollar budget if I let him.") Along with background on all those Conellys and Maslianskys, you can listen to turn-of-the-century Irish songs (Joyce was a fine tenor) and map Bloom's meanderings though Dublin. The programming that underlies the project—which Kidd grandly calls "magic book technology"—can be applied to any other literary work, he claims. *Moby-Dick* may be his next big fish.

Finally, now that he is on the cusp of scholarly credibility, Kidd is poised to release his ideas on Joyce's number games. Until now, he's published little on the subject, stung by insinuations from Gabler's team that he is a weirdo, a numerologist. (He did, after all, hang out for a year at the Jung Institute in Zurich.) "Of course *I'm* not a numerologist," says Kidd. "I just think *Joyce* might have been." He discusses the subject at length for the first time in the introduction to his forthcoming *Ulysses*. Given the endless overarching patterns so beloved of Joyce, the idea may not be so farfetched.

Take Leopold Bloom in the "Lotus Eaters" episode, wandering the streets of Dublin. "Thirtytwo feet per second, per second," he muses. "Law of falling bodies: per second, per second." The sentence is the thirty-second of the paragraph. Coincidence? Perhaps, but Joyce's fascination with numbers is well documented. He hastily concluded work on *Ulysses* so it could be published on his fortieth birthday, February 2, 1922—the second day of the second month of the twenty-second year of the century. Twenty-two is Stephen's number, according to Kidd. To Bloom Joyce gives the number thirteen. He is introduced in a sentence of thirteen words—"Mr. Leopold Bloom ate with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls"—and the sentence starts with the thirteenth letter of the alphabet. On a rare occasion when Stephen and Bloom meet within the same sentence it has thirty-five words, 22+13. In its first edition the book had 732 pages, the number of days and nights in a leap year (which 1904 was).

Of course, whether or not Kidd will get a sympathetic hearing on such issues depends enormously on the reception of his *Ulysses*. How will it fare? Gabler's supporters are skeptical. Claims Michael Groden, of the University of Western Ontario: "There is nothing in what Kidd has published—which is ninety-nine-and-a-half percent attacks on other people—that would give any clear sense of what he would do with *Ulysses*." But David Hayman—the man who once dismissed Kidd as a "crackpot"—now admits he was quite wrong: "He really has changed a lot over the years. I've seen a number of John's chapters. John will do a better job than Gabler." NYU's Denis Donoghue puts it even more bluntly: "If there has been a war between Gabler and Kidd, Kidd has won it."

Robin Bates is a writer and producer who lives in Philadelphia. His writings have appeared in *Smithsonian* and *Studies in the Novel*.

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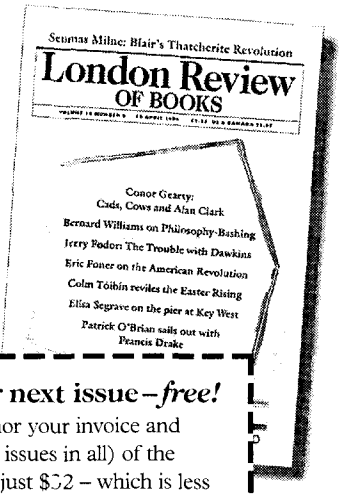
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GOOD GRIEF

THE CASE FOR RECESSION

BY EMILY NUSSBAUM

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A BEREAVEMENT CONFERENCE HARDLY sounds like a fun time, but the group of scholars and therapists who have gathered in the nation's capital on a hazy July morning are cheerfully buzzing over coffee and bagels, readying themselves for panels on everything from "When Mother Kills Father" to "Demystifying the Role of Coroner." Meanwhile, George Bonanno, a professor of psychology at Washington, D.C.'s Catholic University, stands among them with a sardonic smile on his face, looking a bit like the Grim Reaper himself, albeit in tanned, rested form.

Bonanno has come to the conference, the annual meeting of the Association of Death Education and Counseling (ADEC), not to praise the work of grief counselors but to analyze it. His goal: to place the so-called grief-work hypothesis—the widely held assumption that venting negative emotions and "telling the tale" are necessary for regaining mental health—in the pincers of the scientific method. So far, the forty-one-year-old psychologist's experiments have yielded intriguingly counterintuitive results, at least to those who believe in the benefits of letting it all hang out. Instead of working through their pain, Bonanno's studies suggest, grief-stricken individuals who express intense negative emotions when discussing their loss appear to do worse in the long term, while so-called repressors recover more successfully.

So much for the talking cure? Bonanno is, in fact, part of a larger effort to figure out whether therapy works, as dozens of skeptical psychologists and their colleagues in neuropsychology attempt to break down the therapeutic relationship into neatly objective, quantifiable terms. His brand of "grief studies" is a microcosm of this movement—and it could hardly be better timed, given the blossoming of what Bonanno dismissively calls "the bereavement industry," a welter of professional bereavement therapists and support groups intended to help people through the grieving process. "We've got all these therapists treating people for grief," says Bonanno. "And we haven't even defined what it is! We don't know what 'normal' grief is, what 'pathological' grief is. It's all very undefined, very unrigorous."

Many in Bonanno's camp blame Freud, who, in his theory of repression, claimed that painful memories get shoved down into the unconscious, where they are the source of neurotic symptoms and physical expressions like hysteria. Psychoanalytic practice is based on the idea that spilling the beans is the key to renewed health; as the patient releases his denied feelings—especially negative ones, such as hatred for a parent—the neurotic symptoms dissipate and the patient is able to move on. Grief, Freud theorized in "Mourning and Melancholia," is normal, but when the mourner refuses to acknowledge ambivalent or hostile feelings toward the lost person, the result is a narcissistic self-loathing pathology derived from the mourner's continued ego-identification with the deceased.

Like many of Freud's ideas, these concepts have seeped into American culture in ways that would have boggled the mind of the staid Viennese theorist. A Girl Scout troop in New York, for instance, instituted a "grief patch" in 1993; troop members could earn this medal by sharing painful feelings with one another, writing stories and poems about death and loss, and meeting with bereavement counselors. Last year's Miss New Jersey chose bereavement counseling as her special issue, in response to the loss of her own father. And at the Tiny Hearts Bereavement Group in Ronkonkoma, Long Island, grieving children participate in an "If Onlys and Farewell Day," during which they write down guilty or regretful feelings about deceased friends and relatives, tie them to balloons, and release them into the sky. As for the professional field of bereavement counselors, it has swelled—ADEC now boasts more than 2,000 members.

But even as bereavement support has become both increasingly professionalized and increasingly democratized (via the self-help movement and the growth of the Internet, where discussion groups abound), an academic countermovement has slowly crystallized to pick apart its assumptions. In 1989, SUNY Stony Brook's Camille Wortman and UC-Irvine's Roxane Cohen Silver published "The Myths of Coping With Loss" in the *Journal of Consulting and Clinical Psychology*. The paper concluded that there was little evidence that "those who initially show minimal distress following loss are likely to become significantly depressed at a later point." And in 1993, Margaret and Wolfgang Stroebe, researchers at the University of Utrecht in the Netherlands, edited an anthology of the latest research on grief, the *Handbook of Bereavement: Theory, Research, and Intervention* (Cambridge), establishing a hard-line statistical stance toward the subject: "In our view, bereavement is an issue that needs to be understood from a sound base of theoretically oriented and empirically derived knowledge and not purely on subjective, descriptive accounts."

The Stroebe contributors (a multidisciplinary squad of empiricists from various fields, including anthropology, epidemiology, and sociology) depart radically from the influential "five stage" process originally described by Swiss psychologist Elisabeth Kübler-Ross: denial, anger, bargaining, depression, and acceptance. In one chapter, Wortman and Silver follow up on their earlier essay with findings suggesting that individuals confronted with drastic life events (such as paralysis or the loss of a loved one in a car accident) experience positive emotions far more often than expected. They add that victims of a trauma generally "shape meaning" about their experience shortly after the event. Their conclusion: Depending on how well bereaved individuals can reconcile the traumatic event with their philosophical belief systems, a complete "working through" of painful feelings may or may not be necessary. After all, a fundamentalist Christian and an atheist aren't likely to follow the same emotional path when a loved one dies.

Such arguments seem not to have influenced the presentations by clinicians at the bereavement conference, where "subjective" and "descriptive" accounts abound. It's all a bit touchy-feely for

CORBIS-BETTMANN

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Bonanno's taste: Tense attendees can enjoy "complimentary massages" in one of the conference rooms or visit an odd mourning mini-mall offering books like *Why Are the Casseroles Always Tuna? A Loving Look at the Lighter Side of Grief.* Of course, many of the sessions are undeniably affecting. During one, an earnest support-group leader shows a videotape of one of her sessions—jittery documentary crosscuts of parents of homicide victims sharing their most painful feelings. It is wrenching to watch. During the question-and-answer period, audience members offer up their own painful stories. Then Bonanno stands and attempts to change the terms of the discussion. "That tape was undeniably moving," he says cautiously, cocking his head. "But I want to ask you: Does that kind of support group work? And if it works, why do you think it works?" The counselor—sweet faced, makeup free, with a shiny blond bowl cut—smiles at him across the semantic divide: "A couple of words," she says. "One of them is caring. And love. That becomes the focus."

THERE'S nothing new about the mutual miscomprehension between researchers and clinicians, of course: It's the Spock-Bones archetype writ large, number-crunching statistical Vulcans versus gut-instinct Empaths. And psychology itself has always existed in what British psychologist Colin Murray Parkes, one of the most venerable of the grief researchers and author of *Death and Bereavement Across Cultures* (Routledge), calls a "no-man's-land between art and science." Still, research on such a sensitive subject is bound to raise hackles. "People who are grieving think that researchers are full of crap—and part of me says, I'm with you," remarks Tom Golden, a prominent bereavement therapist who specializes in male grief. "We don't have the tools to measure it yet, there's no grieve-o-meter. We need to develop a sense of not knowing."

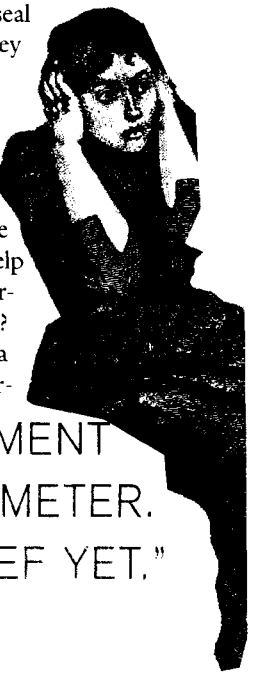
Bonanno understandably disagrees. "I think that's a ridiculous statement!" he says heatedly. "You *can* measure grief. People want to take a magical, mystical perspective, but it's very dangerous to assume that they have access to a sacred realm that research can't touch, relying only on their own observations, feelings, and thoughts—things that are very unreliable." This sort of clinical criticism, he argues, is the result of a simplistic attachment to individual patients' life stories. "The criticism I most often hear is, 'Your research is very bad, because I have a patient who feels such and such.' Well, I've studied *hundreds* of people." A former clinician himself, Bonanno says he eventually grew "very jaded about psychotherapy," disillusioned with the careerist aspects of the field and determined to hold it to a higher statistical standard with studies that were double-blind, longitudinal, and controlled.

One of Bonanno's bereavement studies, published two years ago in the *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology*, has attracted much attention. Using newspaper ads, Bonanno and his colleagues recruited middle-aged men and women who had lost their spouses within the last six months. After filling out numerous psychological-testing questionnaires, the subjects told the story of their loss to an interviewer while being filmed and having their vital signs taken. The goal: to get a sense of how the bereaved individual discussed his loss in a social context, thus approximating the "laboratory equivalent of the 'working through' process."

Using this data, Bonanno identified a group of "repressors": those who smiled and expressed positive emotions despite showing physical indications of stress and arousal. In other words, these subjects seemed most alienated from their "true" feelings—and weren't even aware of the disassociation. According to the traditional assumptions of grief counselors, repressors should have had all of their submerged anguish bubble up later on, along with a whole set of physiological complaints dogging them in the long term.

Instead, while those demonstrating "verbal-autonomic response dissociation" had elevated physical complaints at six months, they were back to low levels at fourteen months. And at twenty-five months—when they should have been experiencing "delayed grief"—they had significantly lower levels of suffering than expressive subjects according to several measures, including the independent assessment of outside therapists who didn't know what the study was about. Bonanno concluded that the inhibition of negative emotion did not have a cumulative cost; rather, it might be an undervalued coping skill. For that reason, laughter, optimism, and inappropriate-seeming positive emotions should not be simply stigmatized as "denial."

BONANNO'S research, although tentative, has been bolstered by a few other studies. One study found that exaggerated optimism among HIV-infected patients was correlated with better psychological health. And in "Dream Repression in Adjusted Holocaust Survivors," published in the *Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease,* Hanna Kaminer and Peretz Lavie of Haifa's Israel Institute of Technology found that the psychologically healthier survivors blocked out painful memories, restrained troubling thoughts about their experience, and were unable to remember their dreams. "Repression has been understood as a pathological phenomenon," write Kaminer and Lavie. "Our findings contradict this assumption.... The survivors' ability to close off, repress, and prevent memories of past atrocity from reentering their consciousness has adaptive value and suggests that the treatment approach should be different." Their suggestion for an improved therapeutic method? One that "helps survivors to seal off the atrocities that they experienced."



This suggestion that therapists should encourage their patients to block out painful memories is certainly provocative: Are venting sessions in self-help groups dangerous, discouraging "healthy repression"? At the same time, there's a highly disturbing under-

TOM GOLDEN, A PROMINENT BEREAVEMENT THERAPIST, INSISTS, "THERE'S NO GRIEVE-O METER. WE DON'T HAVE THE TOOLS TO MEASURE GRIEF YET."

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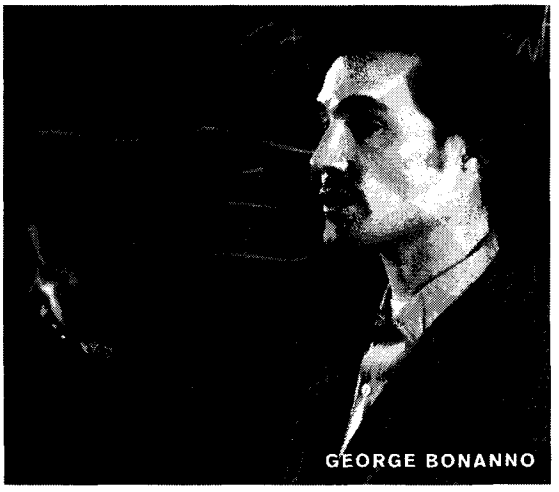
current to Kaminer and Lavie's arguments. What are the social and political ramifications of a therapeutic culture that pushes genocide victims to forget what happened to them? Should counselors really teach skills of *disassociation* rather than, say, encouraging patients to know the truth about their own lives? Is this the *Sybil* cure?

Kenneth Doka, professor of gerontology at the College of New Rochelle and former president of ADEC, supports the trend toward increasingly rigorous research design but is cautious about how well it can be applied to clinical practice. "What I don't want to see happen is what's happened in sociology—a lost notion of meaningful causality," he explains. "We do stuff with elaborate path analyses, and at the end it's a very elegant example of statistical process, but it doesn't necessarily explain much about human behavior." Doka has a point: Quantitative research may never yield the kind of hands-on knowledge that therapists acquire in their work. Furthermore, even if repressive coping mechanisms do help suffering individuals to get on with their lives, must we assume this *has* to be the case?

In fact, further research is likely to explore the way particular social systems heal or aggravate the experience of bereavement. Why do the expressive, anguished mourners do so poorly in the long run, anyway? Perhaps the reason has less to do with the individual psyche than with society: People who truly vent their grief, suggests Bonanno, may drive away support systems around them. "We showed the films of the research subjects to a panel, with the sound turned off," he explains. "The people who laughed evoked positive feelings, while the people who talked about a lot of painful stuff made viewers want to flee." If that's so, one might conclude, the psychological problem lies less with the angry, expressive mourner than with the inability of listeners to bear the intensity of such emotion.

Bonanno responds by pointing out that quantitative psychological research is concerned with practical matters—"how people can live in the culture we have," as he puts it—rather than with such philosophical best-of-all-possible-worlds musings. In the here and now, he believes, there's plenty of work to do. "I'm not even that invested in whether the grief-work hypothesis holds up," he muses. "But it's as though I'm hiking through the mountains and stumble into a valley ripe for exploration. There's research for years—and a chance to ask questions no one has asked before!"

BONANNO HAS come to the conference expecting boos and hisses—at previous conferences, clinicians have heckled him during lectures. He says that when he contacted the St. Francis Center in Washington, D.C., to help with his study, they responded: "I'm sure your research is just fine, but you're wrong." (Robert Washington, the head of St. Francis, was unable to confirm this, but he says with bemusement: "I'm sure most people here would say repressing emotions is not a good thing. I don't argue with his findings, I just think that human beings are more complex than what you can capture in a research design.")


GEORGE BONANNO

In fact, Bonanno's lively lecture is greeted respectfully, except by two women who roll their eyes at his conclusions. Ironically, his highly expressive personal style—gesticulating, cracking jokes, nearly jumping off the ground in excitement at times—may make his research more palatable to the emotion-friendly, numbers-doubting therapists in the audience. The only truly peculiar moment comes when he makes an offhand remark about the ethical concerns of such research: "We can't very well take one hundred people, kill half their spouses, then track how they deal with it for the next five years." There is a nervous laugh. This may be the wrong crowd for that joke.

At least on the surface, this conference may represent a turn toward the quantitative researchers. One of the scholarly speakers is Margaret Stroebe, and her speech is a surprise. Tiny and soft-spoken, she adopts an unexpectedly conciliatory approach, presenting a new "dual process" model—one in which expression and repression, coping skills and breakdown, are regarded as necessary for full recovery from mourning. Is this a genuine theoretical turn away from the quantitative researchers' "anti-grief-work" vendetta or simply a spoonful of sugar to help the research go down? Bonanno is skeptical of Stroebe's Big Tent approach: "In my view, there just isn't very much research that backs up the grief-work assumption."

WHAT IS THE future of grief studies? Some of the most intriguing challenges to Western assumptions may come from looking at other cultures. Balinese mourners, for example, smile and laugh during funerals. In the rituals of the Saramaka of Suriname, weeping and wailing are monitored and strongly discouraged—even during the funeral; the mourners are told to "get on with your life, forget your sorrow." The Hopi Indians, too, discourage overt expressions of grief: If the bereaved feel compelled to cry, they are encouraged to do so alone. (Of course, some cultures go to the opposite extreme: Hindi families may have an "experienced mourner," who encourages the bereaved family to weep, shriek, wail, and talk openly of the deceased.)

Bonanno himself is preparing the first, tentative studies of grieving in China. Designing an experiment will be difficult. To begin with, Chinese mourners rarely speak about their memories of the deceased. And how does one define "emotional well-being" in a society that tends to value group loyalty over personal happiness? "It's going to be a real challenge," acknowledges Bonanno. "I'm dubious about questionnaires, but we've got to come up with something. We're thinking of using beepers—you beep the person, and they write down what they were thinking about." Despite these difficulties, Bonanno remains undaunted: "This is what a scientist lives for."

Emily Nussbaum is a writer living in New York City. Her article, "Turning Japanese: The Hiroshima Poetry Hoax," appeared in the November 1996 *LF*.

MATTHEW BARRICK

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SPEAKING

THIS PAST JANUARY, THE FOLLOWING notice appeared in the classified pages of several journals:

> Goddard College, a small, progressive, democratic institution in central Vermont, seeks a risk taker committed to participatory democracy as a way to make decisions in an egalitarian manner. Pedagogy at Goddard is also progressive and democratic. Since its inception in the 1930s, Goddard College has been at the forefront of experimentation in higher education.... In the past, presidents at Goddard have resigned, due in part to conflicts with a community committed to complete participation in all important decisions affecting the college. Goddard needs a leader who is sensitive to a politically radical conception of education and of governance. We need someone who is prepared to lead us through a process that questions the necessity of a president in the first place, and can, if necessary, conceptualize alternative governing methods.... Applications must be received no later than March 20, 1997.

What kind of college would advertise for a president in such an apparently self-defeating way? For nearly sixty years, this small, chronically cash-poor school in rural Plainfield, Vermont, has scrupulously adhered to principles derived from John Dewey's *Democracy and Education*. There are no grades and no tests, and the curriculum is shaped largely by the students themselves. But as its search notice makes clear, Goddard has not had an easy time applying its democratic principles outside the classroom. For the first thirty years of its existence, the school functioned fairly well under an informal, town-meeting style management system. During the last three decades, however, Goddard has been riven by conflict over how best to embody its democratic ideals—a process made no easier by the unpredictable vicissitudes of passion for which eighteen- and nineteen-year-olds are famous.

In the last ten years alone, Goddard has been through several contentious presidencies, weathered numerous faculty and student protests, and seen its accreditation threatened. The perennial governance battles flared up again in the spring of 1996, when then-president Richard Greene abruptly laid off sixteen members of the faculty and staff and banned three of them from setting foot on campus. This fall, Goddard has a new leader—Barbara Mossberg, an educational theorist from California known for applying the insights of chaos theory to the classroom—but the school's historic ambivalence about authority is as pronounced as ever.

"IF GODDARD were to become a model of anarchist democracy," says Peter Murphy, dean for academic affairs, "the president would be directly elected and subject to immediate recall."

COURTESY OF GODDARD COLLEGE

BY **DAVID GLENN**

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UP GODDARD COLLEGE IS STRUGGLING DESPERATELY TO KEEP ITS IDEALS ALIVE. WILL IT EVER BE OUT OF THE WOODS ?

It's early May—midway through the presidential search process—and I'm sitting with Murphy in the converted nineteenth-century farmhouse that contains Goddard's faculty offices. Murphy arrived a year ago from SUNY's Empire State College, a small Goddard-inspired program for adult students. His office is dimly lit but inviting. One bookshelf is filled with progressive educational theory, another with United States history, and another with anarchist political theory. Gesturing proudly at his books, he says, "Outside of political science departments, how much learning about democracy actually goes on in American colleges? How many students get to learn about the Levelers, about Emma Goldman, about Spain in 1936, about May 1968?"

The Levelers may be more popular here than elsewhere, but the more telling difference between Goddard and other institutions is that whatever a student wants to investigate is fair game here. Though the school's rustic atmosphere evokes a 1960s commune, its progressive approach to education dates back to the Progressive era itself. In *Democracy and Education* and other books, John Dewey argued that schools should tear down the walls separating abstract knowledge and manual labor, and allow students considerable say over their own education. In this spirit, Goddard students set the content and objectives for their classes, which include many hands-on activities like carpentry, plumbing, and child care.

Students must complete a senior project and accumulate a certain number of credits, but there are no course requirements for graduation. Nor is there a typical Goddard student. Each year the school attracts a small core of committed eighteen-year-old communitarians, anarchists, and environmentalists from all over the country, who come to learn about—and live in—a radical democracy. Some of these unconventional youth have gone on to celebrated careers: The playwright David Mamet and the actor William Macy are Goddard graduates. So are the founders of the radical Bread and Puppet Theatre and members of the neo-Deadhead band Phish. More typically, Goddardites go on to less-celebrated lives as social workers and union organizers.

In the dining hall, I meet several current Goddardites: Toli Reid, a product of Brooklyn Catholic schools, who is constructing her Goddard education around the goal of someday founding an inner-city children's theater troupe; Marlo Jacobson, a self-described Jewish feminist from Queens, who plans to open an alternative health clinic for indigent people in Baltimore; and Chris Riddell, from Houston,

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who studies nineteenth-century socialist movements with Peter Murphy and volunteers with the Labor Party in Vermont.

During my visit, one woman's senior project, "Dispossession," was in production at the Haybarn Theatre. It consists of short monologues about sexual injustice. Almost every segment ends with its character shouting: "You're a god that rapes! You raped me until I bled. But it wasn't called rape—it was called Christianity!"

Haybarn Theatre is packed for the evening performance, but by day the campus feels oddly empty. During the 1996–1997 school year, there were just 139 residential undergraduates—on a campus that could comfortably hold two hundred. Nevertheless, this represents a healthy increase from the early 1990s, when residential enrollment struggled to reach three digits. A student body this tiny would breed claustrophobia even at a school without Goddard's political passions. "At Goddard there's really no place to hide," says Lynn Heglund, a trustee who graduated in 1975 and now works at Vermont's Center for Living Democracy. "Your whole character will be X-rayed. The only protection you have is honesty." Such a hothouse atmosphere may partly explain Goddard's extraordinary number of outgoing transfers. "Students are encouraged to direct their lives at Goddard," says Chris Riddell. "And sometimes they direct themselves right out of here."

Those who do stay tend to have a *real* independent streak—which may explain the high rate of administrative turnover. "People say that Goddard tends to behead its leaders," says Andrew Dinkelaker, a young alumnus who resigned from the board of trustees last summer near the end of President Greene's stormy tenure. But he believes the roots of Goddard's problems lie elsewhere: "It's not that we can't stomach authority. It's that Goddard, for whatever reason, inherited a traditional business structure that doesn't fit its mission. We could hire the most sensitive people in the world, and these conflicts would still arise."

GODDARD'S modern incarnation dates to 1937, when the moribund Goddard Seminary of Barre, Vermont, was taken over by disciples of John Dewey's progressive educational theories. They relocated the school to a small farm atop a hill just outside Plainfield. The driving force behind Goddard in its youth was Royce Pitkin, who served as president from 1938 until his retirement in 1969. Nearly every photograph of Goddard in its first three decades features Pitkin—wearing thick glasses, rumpled tweeds, and a wry smile—somewhere in the frame. It was Pitkin who guided Goddard's weekly community meetings, for which the entire college (numbering between fifty and two hundred students through the first two decades) would come together in the dining room or what was once the farm's hay barn to raise grievances and make decisions.

Despite its contemporary reputation as a haven for radicals, Goddard was conceived as a safeguard against ideological extremism. Pitkin regarded town-meeting-style democracy as crucial not only to a progressive education but to the stability of the American system. "People are beginning the second half of the twentieth century with fear," he wrote in his president's report of 1949. "Strangely enough, even Americans, whose nation is strongest among those of the earth, are afraid. They are afraid that the people will cast off democracy and take on communism or some other alien form of government....The situation calls for colleges...that do more than preach or lecture about democracy, it calls for colleges in which democracy is actually lived by the students and the staff. Colleges that cling to the authoritarian system in which rules and orders are issued by trustees, presidents and faculties to be obeyed by students are not equipped to educate for democratic living."

"WELL, YES, DEMOCRACY IS A PAIN IN THE ASS," SAYS GLENN BERGER. "IT'S ARDUOUS AND TIME-CONSUMING. THAT'S WHY WE SO OFTEN HAVE DICTATORS."

During its first twenty-five years, the tenor of Goddard's community meetings was accordingly cautious and sober. "We had a way of not trying to do anything in a hurry," recalls Forest Davis, who taught religion and philosophy at Goddard for many years and now volunteers as the college's archivist. Astonishingly, few records of the school's early community meetings survive—a testament, Davis believes, to their informality and consensual nature. One frequently told tale from the Pitkin era involves a student proposal to get rid of the school's cigarette vending machine. Pitkin led the community through a long Socratic dialogue on the issue, posing questions he feared the students hadn't considered—Did disposing of the vending machine violate student liberty? How would the college replace this source of revenue?—before the proposal was accepted.

Pitkin failed to anticipate a potential pitfall, however. As the college grew—and it grew dramatically in the decade after 1959, when the school finally won accreditation—its town-meeting-style democracy became increasingly unwieldy. As early as 1962, the college established a system of house and community councils composed of students and faculty, only to witness its collapse in 1965 during an extended battle over liberalizing opposite-sex visiting hours in the dorm rooms. These hours were supposed to be set by a "compromise committee" that included several faculty. Student activists resented the notion that professors had anything to do with the question (and also came to view the entire matter as a joke, since the existing visiting-hour rules had rarely been enforced in the first place). The spirit of democratic deliberation seems to have faded at this juncture; the student newspaper observes despairingly that the compromise committee's announcements had to be posted on a "locked, glass-enclosed bulletin board."

"Goddard became a very different place after 1965," says Davis sadly. "Students started arriving at community meetings with glazed-over eyes. They just stopped talking. And it moved from there to hostility." The published reminiscences of David Mamet, who attended Goddard from 1965 through 1969, corroborate this description. "What did we do when we were not engaged in flirting or intercourse, in acquiring or digesting drugs?" Mamet asked in a 1996 essay titled "Sex

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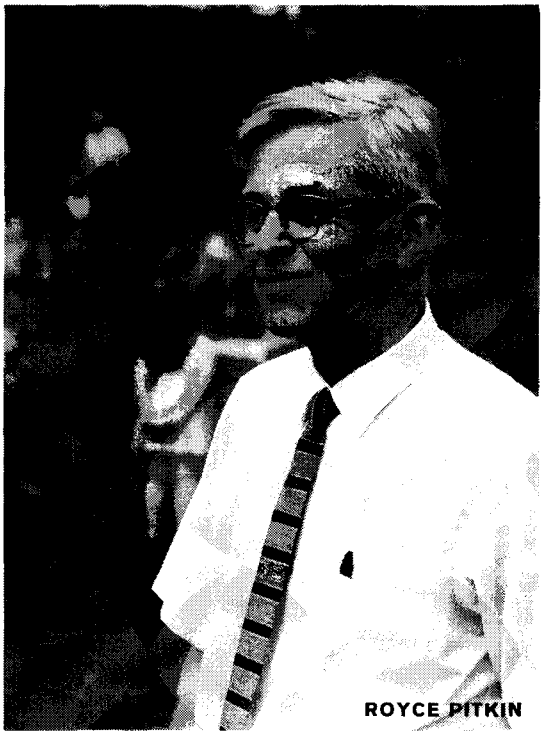
Camp." "We did nothing. Periodically, we plotted against an administration that existed less in fact than as a fiction conjured by our need for a foil; and we lazed about bored and unhappy."

By 1967, the college governance system was in tremendous disarray (ANARCHIST REVOLUTION...COMMUNITY GOVERNMENT DISSOLVED, reads one headline in the student newspaper), and money—after a decade of rapid expansion—was even tighter than usual. As a result, Jerry Witherspoon, a former Vermont tax commissioner, became the board's top choice to take over Pitkin's job. Witherspoon's response to the crisis was to expand and diversify the curriculum and implement a tuition hike without consulting faculty or students. These constituencies reacted with predictable outrage but soon realized that they were on tenuous legal footing. Sure, the college's mission statement insists on democratic governance, but its charter, like every other college's, grants the power to create policy to its trustees (who, at Goddard, tend to be liberal academics, administrators, and lobbyists).



ROYCE PITKIN

GRANT TAYLOR/COURTESY OF GODDARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

Witherspoon resigned after a new wave of student protests in 1974, but his was only the first in a series of rocky presidencies at Goddard. In the spring of 1976, exactly twenty years before Richard Greene was forced out, President Dick Graham was censured by the faculty for firing a longtime staffer without following personnel guidelines. Then, as now, several Goddard instructors argued that the college should abolish its presidency.

It's easy to imagine a conservative's take on this chaotic history: Goddard is an object lesson in the folly of trying to run a school as a democracy. Even one of Dewey's disciples warned against attempting such an experiment. In a 1973 book titled *Education & the Taming of Power,* Sidney Hook endorsed Dewey's methods for educating a democratic citizenry but wrote, "In a political democracy, the army, the church, the museum, the orchestra, the family, and the school cannot be organized in a politically democratic manner if these institutions are to perform their proper specific functions."

But what if Goddard's problem is simply that it hasn't found its Hamilton? What if its democratic aspirations are realistic but for some reason the college hasn't managed to create a blueprint for governing that reflects those values? In 1992 Goddard nearly lost its accreditation because it failed to demonstrate a clear division of power and responsibility. Steven Schapiro, a faculty member who now chairs Goddard's long-range planning efforts, says that the accrediting agency's concerns were valid: "There was considerable confusion because we did not have a clear written document. There was often conflict about who had authority to make decisions. It almost amounted to a laissez-faire system in which the loudest voices held sway."

THE accreditation scare mobilized the college. During the 1993–1994 school year, an eleven-member committee of faculty, staff, students, and trustees drafted new governance documents. Aided by numerous flowcharts, the documents describe a carefully designed power structure combining elements of representative and direct democracy. But for Goddard, more troubles were still to come.

When President Jackson Kytle left office in early 1994, the school embarked on one of its most difficult presidential searches. It was still smarting from the accreditation scare, and its finances were in no better shape than usual. In desperation, Goddard enlisted the help of a consulting firm and eventually located and successfully wooed Richard Greene, an administrator at Miami's St. Thomas University. Greene was raised in New England and taught history for many years at Holy Cross. "I was always fascinated by the Progressive era, and I often assigned readings by John Dewey," he says. "So I had long known of Goddard."

But Greene's honeymoon at the college was brief. He soon found himself criticized for taking the college on a spending spree. In mid-1995 he abruptly fired the chef and the entire kitchen staff and brought in students and staff from the New England Culinary Institute in nearby Montpelier, at a cost of $200,000 a year. (Greene hoped to upgrade food services and foster ties with the Institute's students.) Then there was the $50,000 brick walkway. (The existing walkway, says Greene, was falling apart and inaccessible to the handicapped.) Finally, there were the $100,000 admissions consultants from Miller/Cook and Associates, whom Greene hired in early 1996 on the advice of a trustee and over the objections of the College Executive Committee (CEC)—the school's most powerful representative body, consisting of students, faculty, and staff, and chaired by the president.

The consultants' first suggestion was to scrap the school's fifty-six-year-old admissions procedure—a lengthy essay about the applicant's interest in progressive education—and replace it with a more conventional dossier of SAT scores, recommendations, and personal statements. "I sat there [in the meeting] thinking, this is a bad movie," says Glenn Berger, who was a student at the time. "And these guys are taking home almost 2 percent of our budget." Ultimately, the suggestion was rejected by the board.

One evening in March 1996, Greene and other college administrators hosted a dinner for the Miller/Cook consultants at an expensive restaurant in Montpelier. They were trailed by student protesters, who stood in the restaurant's parking lot in the bitter cold holding signs that read, GODDARD COLLEGE: IT'S A GREAT PLACE TO VISIT, BUT YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO EAT THERE. In early April, admissions director Peter Burns resigned. In an open letter to Greene, Burns wrote that he did not object to God-

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dard's using Miller/Cook but charged that the president's high-handed behavior in hiring them "makes a mockery of CEC, shared decision making, and collaboration." Burns's assessment of Greene was scathing. "I have worked for nine college presidents," he wrote, "and have never seen such an elitist and paternalistic attitude." Later that month, when Greene announced his intention to increase instructors' course loads and reduce part-time staff, the faculty unanimously voted no confidence in Greene and announced its desire to unionize to the board of trustees.

At that point, Greene lowered the ax. In early June 1996, weeks after the undergraduate semester had ended, he declared a financial crisis and announced the layoffs of sixteen members of the faculty and staff, almost a quarter of college personnel. In letters to the terminated faculty, Greene claimed the layoffs were an unavoidable consequence of a serious budget shortfall. "We found that instructional costs at Goddard had increased 160 percent between 1991 and 1995," he says. "And we may have had the lowest student-faculty ratio in the history of education. There was one core faculty member who taught only two classes: one with five students and one with two."

Yet, to the dismay of the jettisoned instructors, Greene did not ask the board of trustees to declare a financial emergency—a designation that, according to the recently adopted governance codes, would have necessitated a community meeting and, presumably, a community-improvised solution. Moreover, claim Greene's faculty critics, in choosing which heads would roll, the president disregarded the governance documents' seniority procedures, unsubtly targeting the three leaders of the nascent union drive—and barring them from campus. Most galling to his faculty critics, however, was Greene's treatment of the CEC. Faculty critics charged that during the spring of 1996 Greene had shown substantially more alarming budget figures to the CEC than he gave to the board of trustees.

IN LATE June the board of trustees met in the president's office—under the protection of a security team—and passed Greene's downsizing budget proposal while dozens of faculty and student protesters milled outside. By doing so, the board of trustees effectively approved Greene's layoffs. Greene contends the protest was orchestrated by faculty members who had their own interests at heart—preserving their course loads. One trustee, who spoke on condition of anonymity, agrees with Greene's assessment but believes he should have respected the school's community meeting traditions: "Richard didn't realize that he had a tool to help raise these questions and pursue these goals. There was no need for power plays or backroom deals." Recognizing that he no longer had the trustees' support, Greene chose to resign in August. By September it was clear that enrollment figures would be healthy (partly thanks to the work of Miller/Cook), so nearly all of the laid-off Goddard employees were rehired. (Trustee Jane Sanders, the wife of democratic-socialist Vermont congressman Bernie Sanders, stepped down from the board to serve as interim executive for the last year.)

But for some Goddard radicals, Greene's departure does not feel much like a victory. To his critics, Greene's tenure revealed the limitations of the governance documents, and they are redoubling their efforts at unionization. After all, they point out, the trustees were well within their right in accepting Greene's budget. And while the CEC, and its multiple subcommittees, had carefully calibrated procedures for democratic representation, the twenty-five-member board of trustees holds just five seats that are directly elected by Goddard constituencies (faculty, staff, alumni, on-campus students, off-campus students). The other twenty are elected by the board itself. As one bitter editorial in the student newspaper put it, "Everybody 'knows' that Goddard is not a democracy, despite all the documents, language, meetings, and committees. Everybody 'knows' that the only way to get things done at Goddard is through force.'"

GODDARD COLLEGE STUDENTS

COURTESY OF GODDARD COLLEGE

ONE GROUP on campus that has embraced the new governance guidelines with controversial results is the Student Life Committee (SLC), which oversees the affairs of Goddard's undergraduate residents. According to Chris Riddell, an active SLC member, the committee's mantras are transparency and accountability. At first blush, some of its procedures sound oddly conservative—far removed from the fevers of SDS-era participatory democracy. "At the end of the year we always have a budget surplus," says Riddell. "We're pretty proud of that. When people come to request funds, we give them some serious grilling." Items raised at one meeting must be voted on at another, allowing the campus at least a week to deliberate. SLC agendas are always sent

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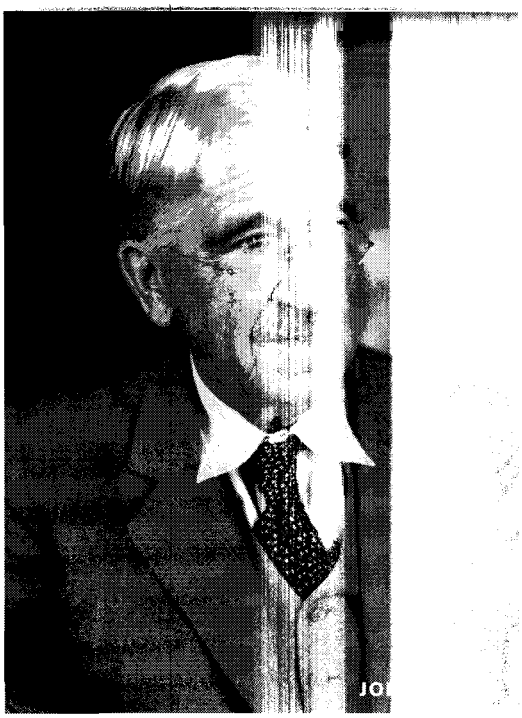

in advance to every on-campus student e-mail account, and minutes are e-mailed within twenty-four hours of the meeting.

Not everyone is enamored of the SLC's labor-intensive procedures. "The governance system is bullshit! I just had a rough week with that shit," says Toli Reid. She and some friends tried—and failed—to convince the SLC to resurrect a spring music festival that was a staple of Goddard life during the 1970s. "I guess there was some property damage at some point," Reid says. "Some people got out of hand back then. But we had a serious security plan and [the SLC] kept moving the goalposts on us. They had us going to a different dean or a different subcommittee every night of the week."

It's this larger worry—that Goddard's governance style requires, as Oscar Wilde said of socialism, "too many evenings"—that has some skeptics grumbling. Does the Goddard system actually accommodate the votes of as many constituents as possible? Or does it, in effect, privilege a small number of political blowhards with a lot of time on their hands? During my visit I heard at least a half dozen stories whose punch line is: "That meeting would have gone very differently if more than a few people had shown up." (The saddest of these stories concerns a 1994–1995 student forum on the new governance documents, which no one attended.) "I just stopped going to SLC meetings after a while," says Reid. "And the community meetings? People just get up and talk about how diverse we are here at Goddard. All the same people do all the talking at all these meetings. I don't know a single person who takes the time to read all of [the SLC's] e-mail messages."

"Well, yes, democracy is a pain in the ass," replies Glenn Berger, a recent graduate who was active in the anti-Greene campaign and is now vice president of the alumni association. "It's arduous and time-consuming. That's why we so often have dictators. Maybe we ought to make people participate in college governance as part of their graduation requirements." Then again, time isn't the only deterrent to participation. "Who wants to go to a meeting when all the work that you put in can be overridden by another group?" asks Andrew Dinkelaker. "As soon as the committees are empowered to have the final word, I guarantee you that participation will soar." Participatory democracy, it seems, is a fragile political beast, one that requires just the right conditions in order to prosper. Too many participants, or too few, and the whole system languishes.

"Goddard is all about trust," said Barbara Mossberg in mid-August, five days into her tenure as the college's new president. "The sense of trust is what attracted me to this community. And why would you want full participation if you didn't trust people?" If Mossberg is right, it's easy to understand why the faculty's ongoing union drive has been met with dismay by many Goddardites. The notion that a democracy—especially one predicated on dialogue and group participation—might need a legal contract to protect the interests of some of its members seems to make a mockery of the consensual trust on which the school is founded. But maybe a union contract wouldn't be such a bad thing for Goddard. Perhaps what the school needs most is to institutionalize a little more *dis*trust. When students, faculty, and staff have a clearer sense of their rights and responsibilities—to themselves and to one another—then the school might stand a better chance of fulfilling Royce Pitkin's ambitions to protect and promote democratic values.

David Glenn is associate editor of *Dissent*.

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continued from page 7

Henry Fairfield Osborne's eugenic ideas were discredited during the Thirties, at which time liberal thought prevailed among the elites. Schudson therefore concludes that Haraway's account of the Hall of Mammals sheds little light on the role of the American Museum of Natural History after the early Twenties.

If the elites of the Thirties overwhelmingly rejected eugenics and embraced liberalism, it is hard to understand why the U.S. government turned away Holocaust refugees—sending shiploads back to Europe to their deaths—or why government officials refused to bomb rail lines to the death camps. Among the economic and cultural elite of that era were numerous public figures who were openly anti-Semitic or who praised fascist regimes: Henry Ford, Ezra Pound, T.S. Eliot, Henry Luce. Also in the Thirties the Supreme Court upheld sterilization laws that spread to twenty-six states.

The sadder story is that racist views like Osborne's were not widely discredited until pictures of death-camp victims were published after World War II. Furthermore, when the museum board voted to discontinue funding for the development of Osborne's dioramas in the Forties, it was not because it repudiated Osborne's racism but because it decided that evolution was not a central area of biology! Many of Osborne's exhibits, with their ideological messages intact, were retained into the 1980s.

The death-camp movies triggered a revulsion against hereditarianism and biologism that lasted barely two decades. The return of scientific racism, the crude popularization of sociobiology, and the fetishization of genetic determinism have long since eclipsed the anthropological relativism and environmental determinism of the Fifties and Sixties. Contrary to the bright picture Schudson paints, Henry Fairfield Osborne's views—as well as many of his dioramas—live on.

VAL DUSEK
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY
UNIVERSITY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Michael Schudson replies: Professor Dusek is right to point out anti-Semitism among influential Americans in the Forties and later. Which is all the more reason to give credit where credit is due and acknowledge that leading opinion in the social sciences had become antiracist by the Thirties. Cultural relativism dominated anthropology by then—and has ever since. Jews, higher education outcasts in 1920, were significant figures in academic and literary life within two decades. As for recent days, Dusek surely would not rate Jensen, Shockley, and the like as influential as, say, Justices Warren, Marshall, and Brennan. In 1940, as today, liberal pluralism had enemies, but it also had won an honored place.

AGAINST IDENTITY

It strikes me that an important irony emerges from the story of turmoil at the New School ["Nightmare on Twelfth Street," *LF,* August], one rooted in the students' embrace of "identity epistemology." We owe a great debt to the feminist scholars who have reminded us that we are embodied,

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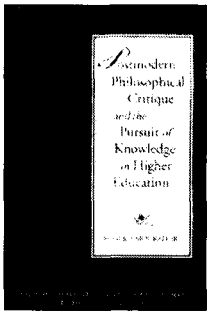

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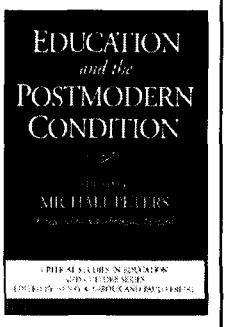

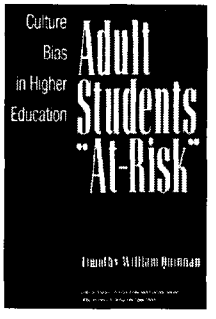

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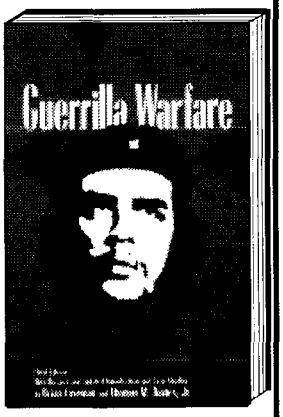

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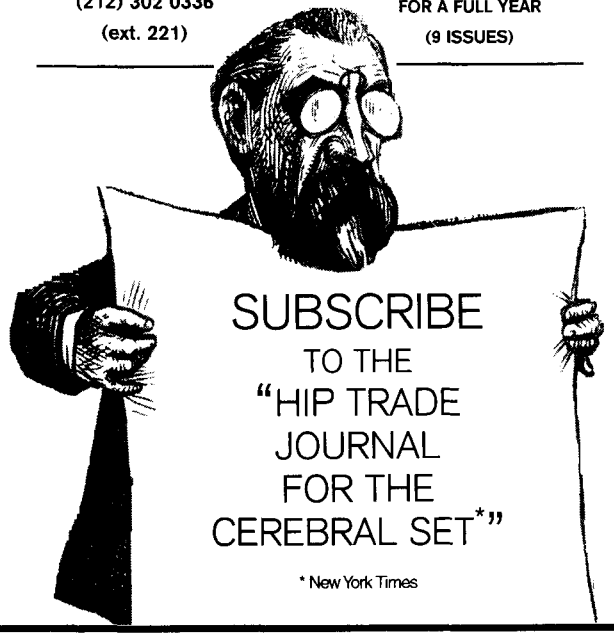

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situated beings. But to acknowledge the impact of identity on our thinking is quite different from insisting that the content of our thought is wholly determined by our placement in the physical and cultural world.

It seems to me that the requirements of teaching, and the very idea of the university, resist the implications of identity epistemology. Teaching requires an accessible space for free discourse. I do not see that there is room for such a space, even as an ideal, within the identity movement. University teaching also seeks to initiate students into fields of study by imparting certain assumptions, methods, and rules of engagement that are dictated by the disciplines themselves—not by the identities and interests of their practitioners. Successful teaching allows students to revisit these assumptions as they come to understand their own roles in their disciplines. But this questioning is possible only if we can think beyond the confines of identity.

MICHAEL O'DONOVAN-ANDERSON
TUTOR
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, ANNAPOLIS

I do not condone all of the Mobilization's proposals for change at the New School, nor its offensive attacks on individuals like Nancy Fraser. However, if the New School administration is as unresponsive to student concerns as it has been to those of part-timers, I can understand the students' frustration.

I am a contract instructor offering courses in the online DIAL (Distance Instruction for Adult Learning) program. As an "independent contractor" I am barred from listing myself as a member of the faculty or as an affiliate of the New School. This bit of legal legerdemain allows the school to avoid paying social security, let alone pension or health care. Already, it pays some of the lowest part-time wages I have encountered, $965 per course. Moreover, we have been told that we should not expect raises because the adult division is designed to subsidize the other—presumably more important—academic divisions. Nevertheless we are told how lucky we are to teach at the New School, where we can offer the courses we choose. Despite our low wages and lack of job security, our love of teaching and our dedication to our work are supposed to justify sacrifices no tenured academic is asked to make.

If tenured faculty at the New School are sympathetic to legitimate institutional reforms, they should demonstrate their commitment by working toward a living wage and decent benefits for part-time faculty.

BRIAN CATERINO
ROCHESTER, NY

THE THIRD MAN

In "Stranger Than *Ficción*" [*LF*, June/July], Matthew Howard writes, "The influence of [Norman Thomas di Giovanni's] translations on Borges's international reputation, and the public exposure they gave his work in the

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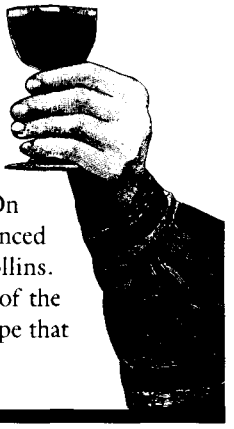
United States, was enormous: Although Grove Press, New Directions, and the University of Texas Press had published collections of Borges's writing...for the first time a major press [Dutton] was committed to publishing almost all Borges's work." First, during Borges's time Grove Press and New Directions were far more influential in the literary world than Dutton, which was beginning its downward spiral just at the time it first published Borges. Furthermore, Borges's literary reputation was already of international stature. It was the translator Anthony Kerrigan, well before di Giovanni, who discovered Borges for English-speaking readers. Because he died a few years ago and cannot himself respond, Kerrigan goes unmentioned in Howard's article as well as in James Woodall's recent biography of Borges. Such examples of intellectual dishonesty are common in the academic world, but this is unacceptable in a magazine that takes pride in identifying sham. Ironically the title of the article makes reference to *Ficciónes,* the 1962 volume (edited and introduced by Kerrigan, who was its principal translator) that launched Borges's reputation and for which Barney Rosset paid Kerrigan a meager flat fee rather than royalties (which would have made Kerrigan's last years far more comfortable).

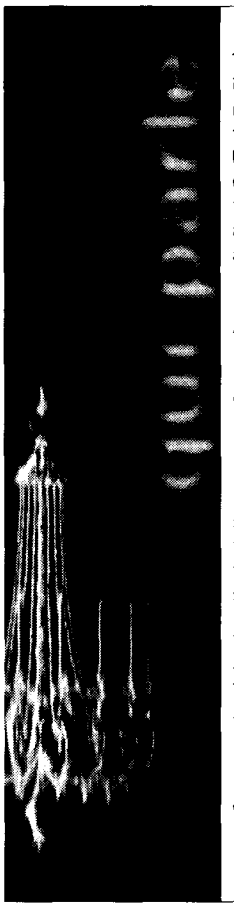
WILLIAM O'ROURKE
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

Matthew Howard responds: Of course Borges had an international reputation prior to the di Giovanni translations—why else would he have been invited to give the Norton lectures at Harvard, where he met di Giovanni in the first place? But only selected volumes of Borges's work had appeared in English translation when Dutton undertook to publish a dozen books corresponding to the Spanish editions. The project was distinguished by its scope and by Borges's collaborative role, not by Dutton's influence in the "literary world." Kerrigan's early translations were indeed important in establishing Borges's reputation, and had I not chosen to focus on the story of Borges's collaboration with di Giovanni, I might have given them a fuller reckoning.

UPDATE



Since the publication of Chris Lehmann's "Burning Down the House: The Collapse of an Intellectual Publisher" [*LF*, September], the fortunes of Basic Books may have taken a considerable turn for the better. On August 22, 1997, Perseus Books announced its purchase of Basic from HarperCollins. Though sources at Basic are uncertain of the house's future direction, we can only hope that it will prosper under new ownership.



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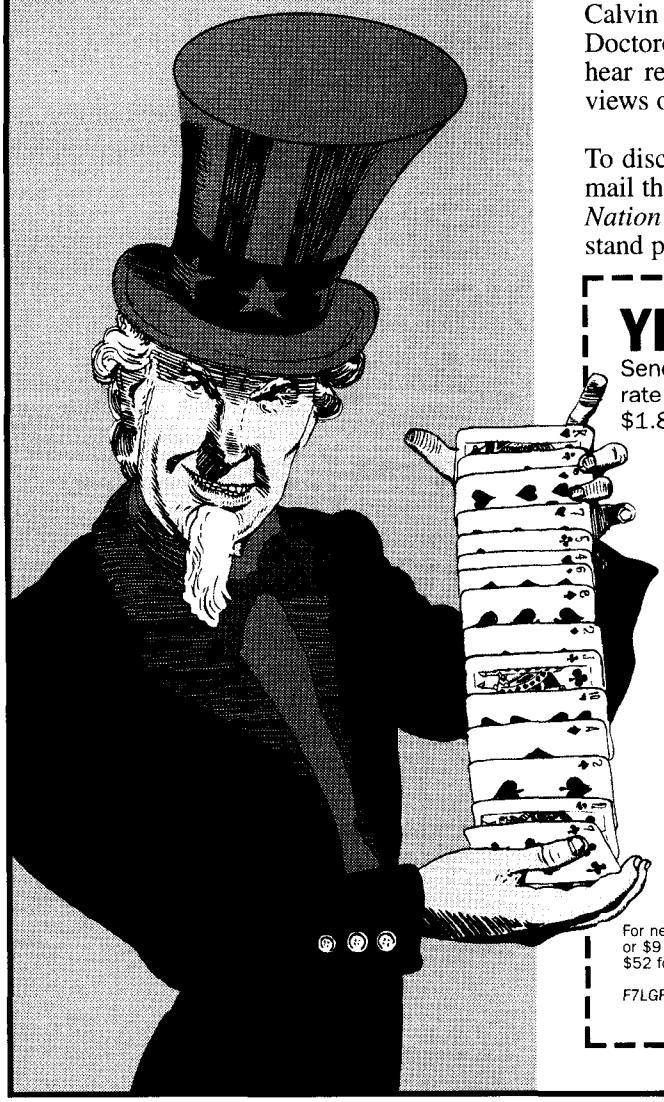

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Professors Deborah Gray White and Mia Elisabeth Bay
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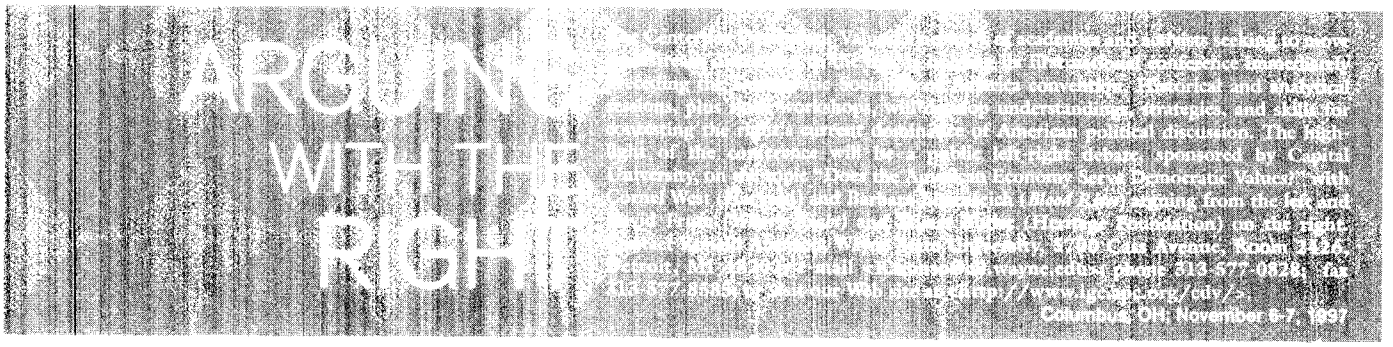

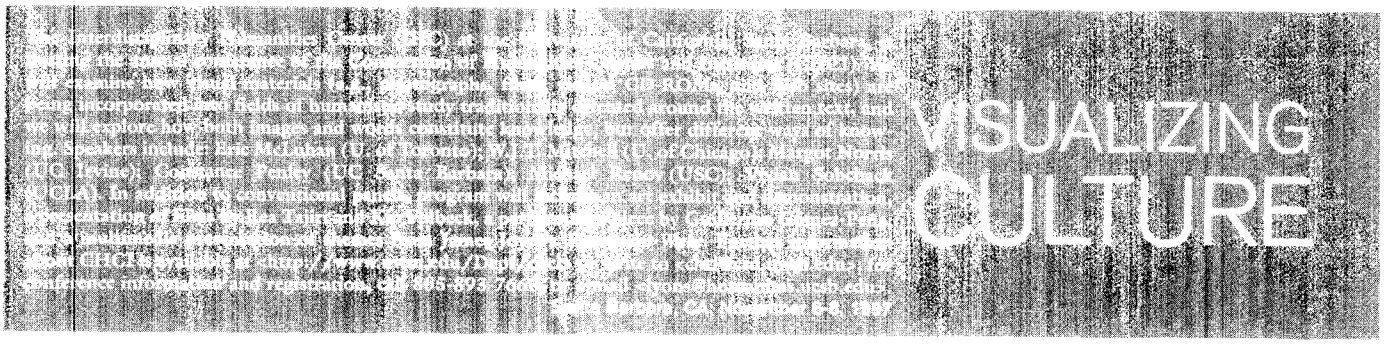

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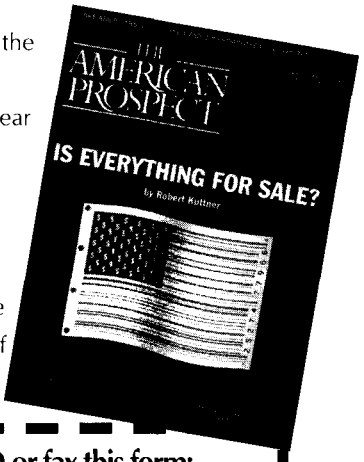

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Hyphotheses

DOOM SOON

A philosophical invitation to the apocalypse

DO YOU EVER LIE AWAKE AT night wondering why you happen to be alive just now? Why it should be that your own particular bit of self-consciousness popped into existence in the twentieth century and not, say, during the reign of the Antonines or 10 million years hence? If you do, and your musings take a sufficiently rigorous form, you might arrive at a terrible realization: The human race is doomed to die out—and quickly.

So, at least, a handful of cosmologists and philosophers have concluded. Their reasoning is known as the Doomsday Argument. It goes like this: Suppose humanity were to have a happier fate, surviving thousands or millions of years into the future. And why not? The sun still has half its 10-billion-year life span to go. The earth's population might stabilize at 15 billion or so, and our successors could even colonize other parts of the galaxy, allowing a far greater increase in their numbers.

But think what that means: *Nearly every human who will ever exist will live in the distant future.* This would make us unusual in the extreme. Assume, quite conservatively, that a billion new people will be born every decade until the sun burns out. That makes a total of 500 quadrillion people. At most, 40 billion people have either lived in the past or are living now. Thus we would be among the first 0.00001 percent of all members of the human species to exist. Are we really so special?

But suppose, contrariwise, that humanity will be wiped out imminently, that some sort of apocalypse is around the corner. Then it is quite reasonable, statistically speaking, that our moment is the present. After all, more than 4 billion of the 40 billion humans who have ever lived are alive today, and with no future epochs to live in, this is far and away the most likely time to exist. Conclusion: Doom soon.

Even as transcendental *a priori* arguments go, this one is pretty breathtaking. For economy of premise and extravagance of conclusion, it rivals Saint Anselm's derivation of God's existence from the idea of perfection and Donald Davidson's proof that most of what we believe must be true or else our words would not refer to the right things.

As far as anyone knows, the Doomsday Argument was first publicly broached in 1983 at a meeting of the Royal Society in London. Its apparent author was Brandon Carter, a British astrophysicist (now living in France) famous for his work on black holes. A decade earlier, Carter had baptized the much-debated anthropic principle, which purports to explain why the laws of physics look the way they do: If they were any different, life could not have emerged, and, hence, we would not be here to observe them. We find ourselves living in this particular universe, in other words, because alternative universes are uncongenial to intelligent life. Carter was suggesting to the Royal Society that the same goes for time: We find ourselves living in this particular epoch because earlier and later ones are, for reasons we do not fully grasp, uncongenial to us. As interesting cosmological ideas often are, the Doomsday Argument was soon taken up by philosophers—notably John Leslie of the University of Guelph in Ontario.

Perhaps you are skeptical about, if not plain scornful of, the Doomsday Argument. It looks like logical trumpery. How could an abstract argument have such an experientially rich upshot? Yet it is difficult to find anything amiss in its logic. The sole assumption it requires—an eminently plausible one—is that if humanity endures, our cumulative numbers will increase. And the inference it makes is justified by the principle of probability known as Bayes' theorem, which dictates how a piece of evidence (we are living now) should affect the likelihoods we assign to competing hypotheses (doom sooner versus doom later).

Furthermore, the Doomsday Argument may not seem so unlikely once you consider all the forms doom could actually take. Don't think Ebola, greenhouse, nukes—think cosmos. An asteroid might bump into our planet (one wonders whether the Doomsday Argument occurred to the dinosaurs 65 million years ago). The Swift-Tuttle comet—dubbed the "Doomsday Rock" by the media—will be swinging awfully close on or about August 14, 2126. And that's the small stuff. The North Star could go supernova at any moment. In fact, the dread event might already have happened, in which case the news of it is traveling earthward in the form of lethal radiation that will obliterate us upon receipt.

The most delicious scenario of all is the one in which absolutely everything gets reduced to nothingness. Most cosmologists think the universe is no more than a tenth of the way through its historical progress from the Big Bang to the Big Crunch. But they cannot rule out the possibility that space is "metastable," meaning that it could spontaneously slip to a lower energy level at any moment. If this were to happen, a little bubble of "true vacuum" would appear without warning somewhere and begin to inflate at the speed of light. Its wall would contain tremendous energy, annihilating in a stroke everything before it: entire star systems, galaxies, galactic clusters, and eventually the cosmos itself.

Now that's a speculative bubble worth worrying about.

JIM HOLT

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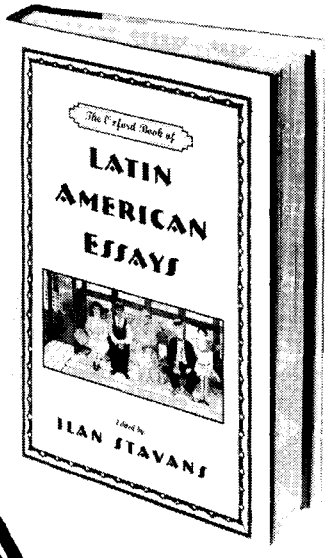

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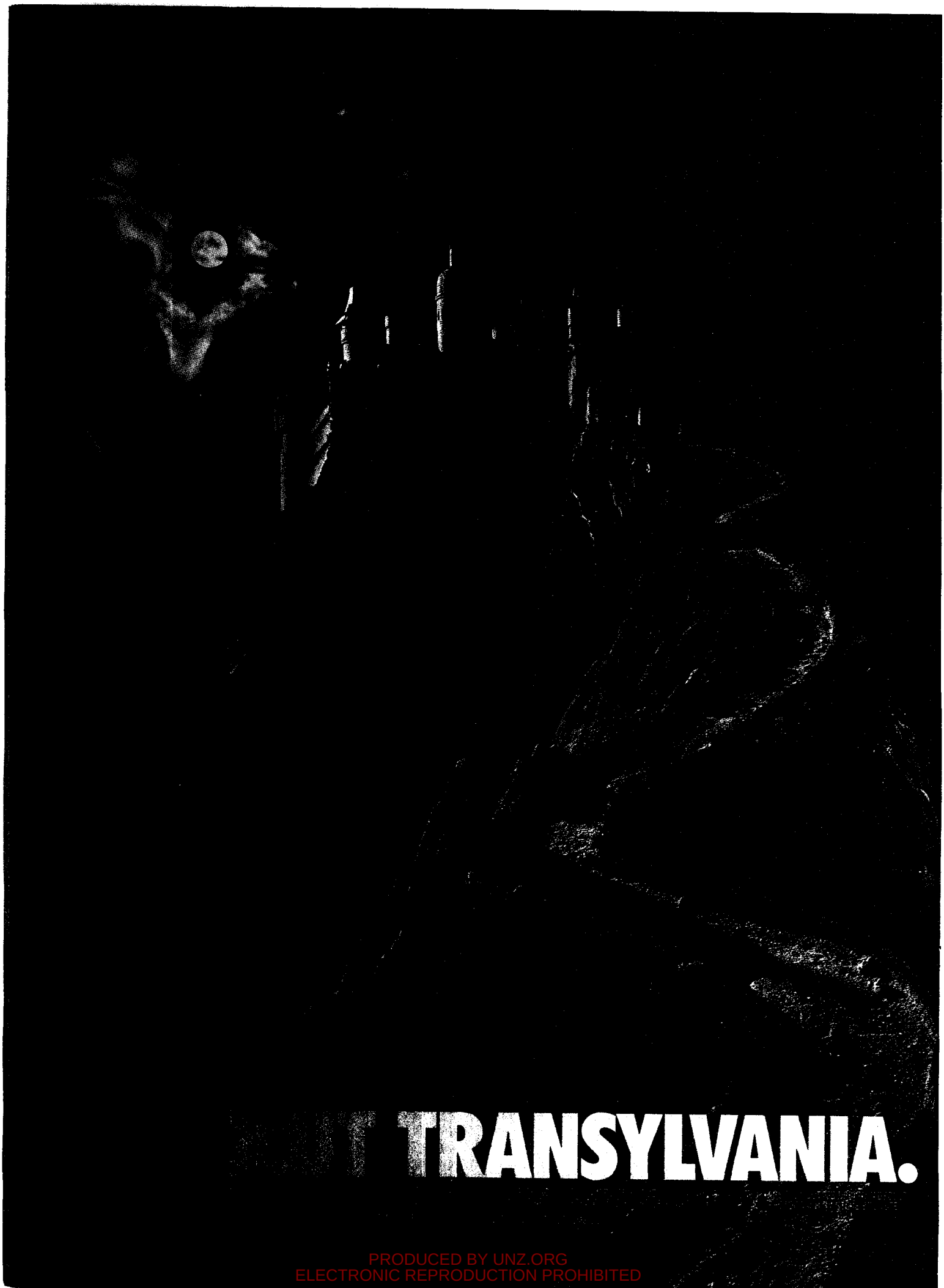

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